Saturday Night

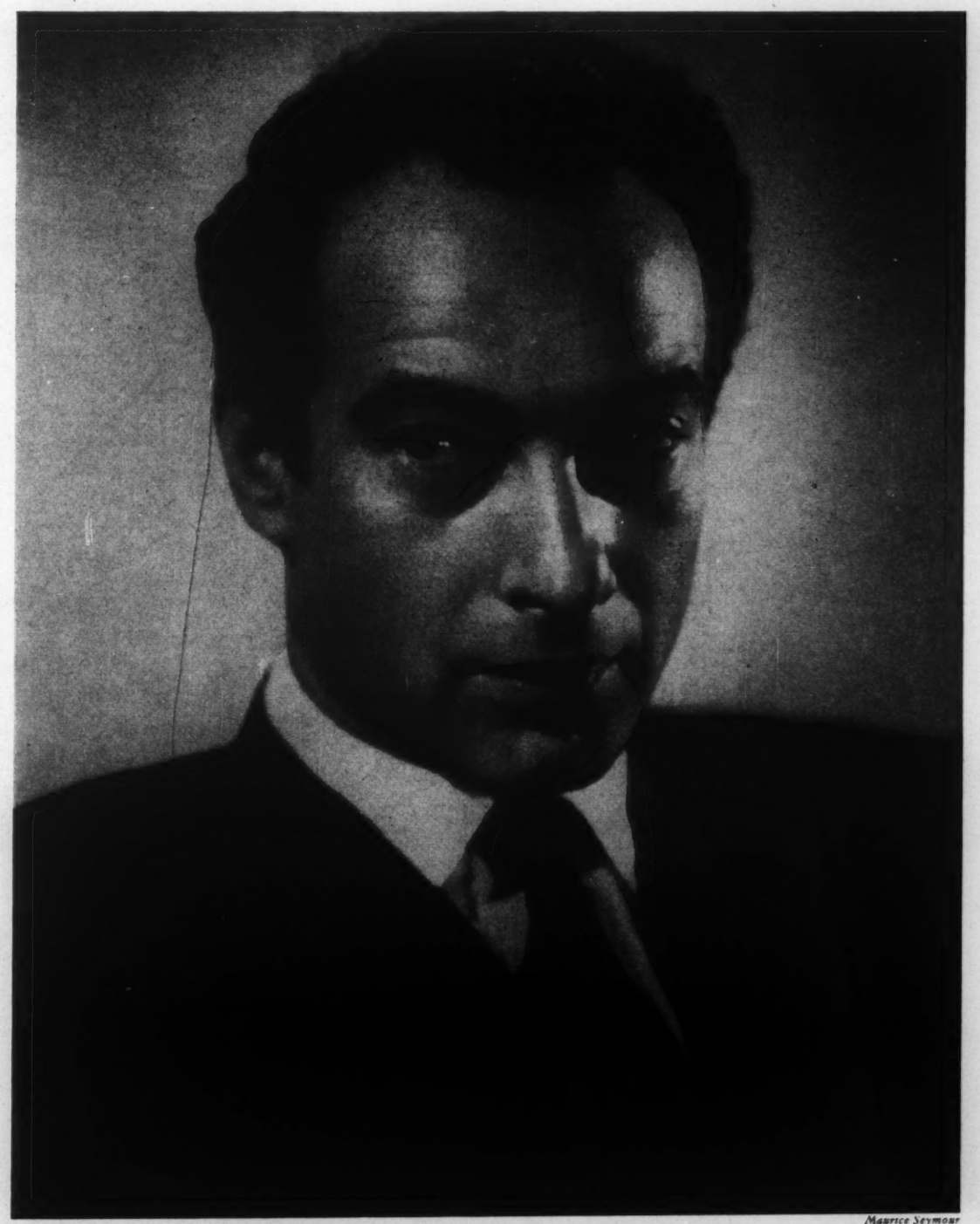
September 5, 1953 · 10 Cents

The Front Page

Just when Percy Bengough, President of the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada, had us believing we were either a dismal reactionary or a guileless booby, along came other prominent trade unionists to reassure us about the old-fashioned virtues.

Mr. Bengough has been waging a vigorous offensive against the Moral Re-Armament movement, which he believes to be the tool of the bosses. "Quite a campaign has been directed towards the labor movement by the high priests of this new cult," he growled recently. "With a minimum of modesty these heirs to the Oxford Group have drummed, thumped, ballyhooed and printed reams of boasts of their great accomplishments in the settling of strikes and establishing most 'lovey-dovey' relationships between management and labor."

If the Moral Re-Armament people are deep in some devious plot against the working man, Mr. Bengough certainly should let everyone know about it. But our understanding of their program is that they hope to remove the hatreds and prejudices which bedevil society by persuading men and women that absolute honesty, purity, unselfishness



Maurice Seymour

VICTOR BORGE: Satire is not disrespectful *(Page 4)*

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SEE YOUR LINCOLN DEALER

LINCOLN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

and love are not only fine words but effective guides to good human relations. And this is what puzzled us. Are labor relations and human relations two different things? Is an agreement between management and labor, reached by honesty and unselfishness, less desirable than one reached by harsh argument? Is hatred of the boss necessary for the welfare of the worker? Unless we had misunderstood Mr. Bengough, he seemed to be saying that the purveyors of piety were stooges of the employers if they tried to bring the boss and the worker together without going through proper union channels.

Apparently Frank Hall, Canadian leader of the Railway and Steamship Clerks, was puzzled too, and mentioned the matter at the recent TLC convention in Ottawa. "I have heard a good deal about the activities of MRA," he said. "If their activities are like I found them personally, we could go along with them." Just about the same time, Joshua Nkomo, general secretary of the African Railway Workers' Union, and Dr. Mahmoud Mochaver, Middle East representative on the executive board of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, were praising the ideals of the MRA. Their words gave us reassurance, but left us wondering what it is about the MRA that irritates Mr. Bengough.

Possibly Mr. Bengough fears that some of the less desirable features of the old Oxford Group have been carried over into MRA, and it would be unfortunate if there was such a survival. Fascism, for instance, seemed to have considerable attraction for some members of the Group. But we have seen no evidence of this sort of thing in MRA to date. What we have seen is an honest, and in several cases successful, campaign to establish goodwill between classes and peoples. It is one thing to preach honesty and unselfishness and another to practise these virtues, of course, but if MRA or anybody else can persuade more of us that there is some practical worth in virtue, the least the effort deserves is sympathetic consideration.

Printed Peep-show

WE HAVE just seen the newsprint version of 3-D in *Picture Post*, the illustrated English magazine. The proper glasses were provided, of course, and we adjusted them with eager curiosity. The pictures were of showgirls, backstage; one of them, in the act of dressing, was throwing a doll at the camera. There was also a 3-D advertisement for toothpaste — a girl, clad in a filmy negligee, brushing her teeth. At that point we put *Picture Post* away. It was a little late in the day to start being a Peeping Tom.

The Balance of Nature

OUR CURIOSITY whetted by a newspaper item telling about a census of fish, we dropped around to see Dr. William Harkness, who heads the Fish and Wildlife Division of Ontario's Department of Lands and Forests. How does one go about making a census of fish?

If you want to get an idea of how many fish there are in a lake, Dr. Harkness said, you drop nets in the lake, bring them up, determine the age of the fish that have been trapped in them, and carefully return the fish to the water. "In effect," he said, "we take a cross-section of the fish population. From the various age groups we can calculate the approximate total numbers. If we find a large number of old fish, for example, we know that the total population must be fairly high."

Fishing is a tremendously popular pastime in Ontario, and Dr. Harkness and his staff spend a good deal of their time planning how to keep the fishermen reasonably happy—which means keeping the fish from becoming extinct. They keep records on the fish population of just about every sizable body of water in the province. "Unless you want all your rivers and lakes completely fished out," Dr. Harkness said, "there must be some restrictions, and you must maintain some check on fishing them. But before you can do that, you must know how many fish there are in the first place, and how fast they multiply."

When we met him, Dr. Harkness had just stepped out of the Presidency of the Association of Midwest Fish and Game Commissioners, an international organization whose members come from as far south as Colorado and as far west as Manitoba. The Commissioners, we learnt, have a two-fold job: to protect wild life for, as well as from, the public. A major discussion developed at a conference the Association held at Dorset, Ontario, over the danger of people doing too much conservation and thus upsetting the balance of nature. "It's like a farmer putting too many cattle on one bit of land," Dr. Harkness said. "First there would not be enough feed for the cattle and then the standard of the whole herd would be lowered."

We said we were quite prepared to spend a week-end helping to restore the balance of nature in some well-stocked lake, but at this point Dr. Harkness became remarkably vague, and we left.

DR. W. J. K. HARKNESS: There must be some restriction.

Anecdote

THE MEETINGS of statesmen generally are fertile breeding grounds for apocryphal anecdotes, and we had been waiting patiently for the usual crop to be harvested from the recent visit of the foreign ministers of Britain and France to Washington. But so far we have come across only one bloom. Georges Bidault was telling Lord Salisbury and State Secretary Dulles of the difficulties of fighting in Indo-China, and was particularly eloquent in his description of the dense, steaming jungle. Finally he paused for breath, and Salisbury remarked quietly, "Heavily wooded country, what?"

Prices and Control

CANADIANS can draw some useful lessons from the recent referendum on wheat policy in the United States. Nearly 90 per cent of America's farmers preferred high support prices with acreage control, to absence of control with lower support prices.

This result was a defeat for Mr. Benson, the Secretary of Agriculture, who has been trying to win support for a policy of lower price supports. He has now been given notice that farmers are more concerned about a serious decline in their income than they are about state controls.

At the same time the farm bloc in Congress, with its members coming from both parties, regards the referendum as a vote of confidence in its own policies. This group has already been responsible for shutting out some Canadian farm products from the American market. It is unlikely to learn moderation from success, and Canadians can expect more trouble when Congress meets next year.

The evil effects of a subsidy can be measured by the American farmer's fear of competition and his hostility to market conditions. The support price of $2.20 a bushel is 15 cents higher than the ceiling price of the current international wheat agreement. The farmer seems indifferent to the loss of markets in Britain and Europe; he knows he can always sell the wheat to his own government and get more for it. How long can this last? The American government has now been forced to limit the amount of acreage. No longer will it be an unlimited customer. Once controls start, it is hard to stop them from spreading.

Meanwhile, the farmer, armed with the strongest organized support in Congress, awaits tranquilly the course of events, while remaining indifferent to the harm these policies are doing to world trade.

Senate Reform

THERE HAVE BEEN reports from time to time that one of the cherished projects of Prime Minister St. Laurent is the reformation of the Senate. If that is his hope, there could be no better time for beginning to translate it into reality than the next session of Parliament. There is still a flicker of life in the Upper Chamber, but if it does not undergo some rejuvenation during the next few years, there will be no reason for its continued existence.

The Senate has been described as a "place for second thoughts," where wise, experienced men, free from the pressures of the hustings and sectional interests, can review the legislation produced by the House of Commons, and can bring the attention of the Commons to matters which require parliamentary discussion or action. That is what it should be, but is not. It is made up, with a few notable exceptions, of tired old men, whose appointments have been the reward for their contributions to the party rather than to the nation; they have spent so much time in political harness that they cannot forget its restraints even after its removal. They are shaken out of their day-dreams periodically by one or another of the few who show, by their earnest activity, that they want the Senate to fulfil the purpose for which it was created; but the effort at wakefulness seldom is sustained.

What has brought the Senate to its present low estate, of course, has been

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the practice of both Liberal and Conservative governments of using it as a pasture for tired party warhorses. Even so, it might have retained more vigor if Liberal control of Parliament had not extended over such a long period. If there is no reform during the course of the 22nd Parliament, then, as the *Ottawa Journal* points out, "as certain as death or taxes the Senate within the next five years will become a one-party chamber, not a Conservative in it unless most of the baker's dozen of Conservatives now in it live to be octogenarians." But even a better distribution of party strength would not keep the Senate an active branch of Parliament if the Senators themselves lacked the mental vigor to be properly critical and constructive.

Before arguing for abolition of the Senate, it would be wise to try to shape that body into what it was meant to be—a place for second thoughts, a restraining influence on an over-confident Government, and the calm conscience of Parliament. The British Government has made changes in the House of Lords in the past, and another proposal for reform is expected in the Speech from the Throne this fall. There is no reason why Ottawa cannot be as active as London in examining the strengths and weaknesses of Parliament.

The Example of Puppets

MOST PUNCHES clout their Judies with too much authority, the British Humane Education Society has decided, and therefore impressionable youngsters should not attend Punch and Judy puppet shows. The Society's secretary asked: "If a generation of youngsters grows up believing it all right to knock their wives about, who can blame them?" Obviously, the Humane Education people do not believe, with Noel Coward, that women are like gongs, which must be thumped to get results; nor do they believe, apparently, that slapstick can be fun. (What if children grew up believing that custard pies were made only to push into people's faces?) In any event, we do not think the Society has gone far enough into the puppet business; we have always had the suspicion that Judy makes life pretty miserable for Punch when they are not performing in public.

Humorist at the Piano

VICTOR BORGE, the star of the grandstand show at this year's Canadian National Exhibition, is that odd creature, a kindly satirist. Traditionally, the people who deal in satire are a pretty sour lot, who can always be depended upon to put the vinegar in the salad of criticism. But Mr. Borge is a funny fellow who likes people for their failings as much as for their virtues. "But I'm not a comedian," he told us a while ago. "I'm a humorist. I'm something like a cartoonist, who can make fun of, say, the President of the United States but is never disrespectful about the Presidency. I don't fall off a bench just because a pratfall may get laughs but only if it is the sort of thing you might expect a certain musician, in his enthusiasm, to do."

He handles the English language with enthusiasm and considerable technical skill now, but we wish we had heard him back in 1940, when he reached New York after escaping from his native Denmark, which had been taken over by the Nazis. (He was born in Copenhagen in 1909.) He spoke French, German, Swedish and Danish, but no English, and set about learning the language by watching films. Until he got it all sorted out, his heavily accented speech had strong overtones of the Deep South, Brooklyn, underworld Chicago and the Wild West, according to the type of moving picture he had just attended.

In Denmark, he made his reputation as a concert pianist, but it does not seem possible that he could have been restrained for any length of time from adding talk to his music. He carries the slick chatter of his public performance into his private conversation, until it is difficult to tell where one ends and the other begins —probably because he cannot resist an audience of any size. "I prefer personal shows," he told us. "Then you can get the reaction of an audience. You can sense that the people want more music, or more talk, or broader satire, and you give them what they want, as much as you can." Big audiences are not difficult, he indicated; in 1948, he had an audience of 110,000 for an open-air performance in Copenhagen, and in Philadelphia he put on a show for 93,000. After that, the expanses of the CNE grandstand—a graveyard where the reputation of many a funny man has been buried—would not bother him. The graveyard is a merry place these days.

Ontario Money-man

DR. CHESTER SAMUEL WALTERS celebrated his 75th birthday last week by retiring as Deputy Provincial Treasurer of Ontario, but that does not mean he now spends his time in a rocking chair on the front porch. He is still Ontario's Controller of Finances, still will have a great deal to do with the Province's $1 million-a-day budget, and still works in the same office (Room 381) at Queen's Park, where he hopes to stay, he told us, "until I am 80."

He has been on the job for over 18 years now, having given up his own business in 1935 to become a Deputy Minister under the Government of Mitchell Hepburn; he did a brief tour of duty in the Department of Public Works, and then put his knowledge of finance, taxation and accountancy to work in the Provincial Treasurer's Department. When the Liberals gave way to the Conservatives, it meant only a change of bosses. "I have no part in politics," he told us. "I am a civil servant, and my duty is to the Minister."

Dr. Walters has a long record of public service. He was Mayor of Hamilton back in 1915-16, and worked for the Department of National Revenue through the 20's into the early 30's. His travels have taken him to Siberia, where he was Inspector of Accounts for the Canadian Expeditionary Force, and Australia, where he studied that country's economic structure.

"A man doesn't learn everything by travelling any more than by staying at home," he said. "But away from home he at least gets the chance to look at his job from the outside and evaluate it better. Each time I enter the office in the morning I try to look at myself, as it were. Another thing is that handling a job properly does not always consist of physically doing something. Sometimes a man may be sitting with his arms folded, looking out of the window; he could be handling his job very well right at that moment."

He holds a swatch of honorary degrees from various universities, and scrolls of honorary membership in all sorts of chartered accountants' groups line the walls of his office. After wrestling with the problems of public finance, he likes to relax with Mark Twain, Plato, or books on European and American history.

Next week he will leave his office for Saskatoon, where he will attend the annual conference of the Institute of Public Administration in Canada, of which he is Honorary President. When we left, he was sitting quietly in a swivel chair, his arms folded and his gaze fixed on some point outside his third floor window.

DR. CHESTER S. WALTERS: No part in politics.

Public Confession

ONE OF THE curious phenomena of life in Communist states is the public confession. Every so often, some backslider tries thinking for himself and promptly has to expiate his sin by abasing himself before the altars of The Party, looking all the while embarrassingly like a pup before and after a nose-rubbing. The method seems to be quite effective among The Party's followers and puppets, but the Communists will have to think up something else for people who have grown up with laughter. In North Korean prison camps, for instance, Communist officials insisted on public confessions (which they called self-criticisms) by British and American soldiers as a punishment for breaking camp rules. The soldiers responded with enthusiasm, and from all accounts the confessions were models of imaginative ribaldry. The officials abandoned the practice; it was not punishment, but entertainment. The soldiers, bred to freedom, had demonstrated once again the power of laughter to destroy the hollow idols of empty men.

The Need for People

THROUGHOUT the discussions on Canadian immigration policy at the recent conference of the Institute of International Affairs at Lake Couchiching, there ran a disturbing note of spurious benevolence. The point of departure for most of the arguments was not Canada's own need for more people, but her ability to confer a favor on other nations by taking some portion of their overflow of population. Too seldom did the speakers begin with the fundamental fact that Canada not only needs more people but must have them.

For Canada, immigration is a practical necessity, not a foggy theory. It is not a question of how few we will permit to share the benefits of our society and still give the appearance of living up to the promises we have made to the UN, but of the maximum number we can absorb each month of the year until our population is big enough to provide a much more solid support than we have at present for our resources and our productive capacity. Canadian policy has been hesitant but our needs demand something more than caution.

Letters

The Party Line

IT'S AN amazing thing what a capital letter will do for a word. Take "Conservatism" as used in your last issue. You talk in your leading article, a finely reasoned piece, constructive and forthright, about the possible course of Conservatism. I agree with you wholeheartedly; but in "Liberals, Socialists, and Big Business" your correspondent talks about the Liberals and "their cautious conservatism." This shift in meaning with the shift from the upper to the lower case is just more evidence of the kind of political leap-frog played in this country.

Fredericton JAMES J. CARTER

YOU STATE that the Conservative party has treated its leaders shabbily. It might have been better stated in reverse—that the Conservative leaders have treated their party shabbily. The great leader is the one who can whip a "disorderly rabble" (your phrase) into an efficient, disciplined force . . .

Winnipeg HAROLD ST. JOHN

THE ARTICLE on Conservatism was obviously written to enhance the prestige of the Liberals . . . The Conservative party may have suffered some reverses, but it will recover . . . without the unsolicited advice of sneering opponents . . .

Toronto FRANCIS CARVER

IT WAS an adroit bit of Conservative propaganda, but it proved only one thing—that the Conservative party in Canada is a spent force . . .

Saskatoon STEPHEN WIRLIK

"THE POSSIBLE Course for Conservatism?" It's a shame to waste so much logic, to say nothing of space, on such a lost cause. There's only one course, sir, and that's down and out and not all your fine phrases can stop it.

Calgary J. T. AINSLEY

A Word For Children

AFTER READING recent letters about the sad state of the younger generation, I am reminded of a short article I read a while ago entitled "Doesn't Anyone Like Kids?" In that article there was this observation: "The old ladies of both sexes are winning." I am forced to the conclusion that the observation is correct.

It's not the children who need disciplining, but the grown-ups. If there is any strapping to be done, let it be done to the parent, who lavishes affection on a pet or a new car and bundles the child off to nursery school; let it be done to the nice old lady (male or female, of any age) who continually complains about children stepping on the precious grass of the lawn and then nightly parades her filthy little dog to where it can play havoc with other people's lawns; let it be done to the characters who refuse to provide any space for the children to act like the fine, healthy little animals they should be, and then shed crocodile tears when those same children, forced to play in the streets, get killed or crippled for life.

Let's quit this howling at children and start on ourselves. Then we would be getting somewhere.

Toronto CHARLES CAMPBELL

Amery in Canada

I AM SURPRISED that your reviewer of The Rt. Hon. Leopold Amery's book makes no mention of the fact that Amery spent considerable time in Canada, married a Canadian, Miss Bridie Greenwood, of Whitby, Ont., and climbed in our Rockies. He was a splendid mountaineer. If I am not mistaken, there are peaks named after him in South Africa and Kerguelen, and Mt. Amery in our own Rockies is a testimony not only to his interest in this country but to his skill and intrepidity for he was the first to climb it.

This prompts me to ask if there are no mountaineers in Canada today. Why couldn't a Canadian instead of a New Zealander have been the first to scale Mt. Everest? Certainly not because we lack the mountains. Perhaps we lack the guts.

Vernon, BC ROBERT HILL

Kinsey and Miss Dyer

MISS DYER'S comment on the Kinsey Report Preview is like a breath from the past—the very old, the very dead past. The greatest obstacle to women leading decent, well-adjusted lives is the ignorance which persists from the bad old days—the shibboleths, the misconceptions and the superstitions that combined to make women only half-human . . . To thwart and pervert, through false ethics, what was given to us with the gift of life is truly immoral . . .

Saint John (MRS.) CAROL NELSON

. . . IT'S TOO LATE now for people like Miss Dyer to turn back the clock . . . Women are free—in spirit, if not with their favors . . .

Ottawa HARRY IRVING

ANY DECENT PERSON will agree with Miss Dyer . . . This preoccupation with sex is destroying the moral fibre of our youth . . . It is instinctive knowledge, but talking about it constantly and displaying it in every possible place — billboards, newsstands, films, TV and so on — makes it an obsession with youngsters who have too much leisure and too little responsibility . . .

(MRS.) J. T. WILLIAMSON

London, Ont.

The Gettysburg Address

. . . EDWARD EVERETT (1794-1865) was successively editor of *The North American Review*, member of Congress, governor of Massachusetts, Minister to England, President of Harvard University, Secretary of State, U.S. Senator, and was nominated to the Vice-Presidency. It was this man who delivered the main Gettysburg address.

Edward Everett Hale (1822-1909), was indeed a brilliant contemporary of Lincoln and Everett, but he did *not* speak at Gettysburg. He was the author of "The Man Without a Country" and many other books, but most of his life served as a Unitarian minister, and the last six years of his life was chaplain of the U.S. Senate.

Vancouver BOGI BJARNASON

A Stable System

THE ARTICLE captioned "Different Approaches to Foreign Policy" (Max Freedman, August 8) is highly satisfactory. To me it seems possibly the best exposition I have read of certain fundamental differences in Democracy as practised by the United States and the free nations of the British Commonwealth.

During the past 20 years, while I have lived mainly in New York City, I have been concerned . . . that systems superficially so similar should be basically so different. I refer to the matter of British cabinet responsibility, with its membership and presence in the legislative chamber. Mr. Freedman points out this divergence: "The spokesman for Britain can commit his country to a definite policy with the knowledge that parliament and the country will support him . . . Mr. Dulles, on the contrary, is often the prisoner or the echo of Congress . . . He must often come to terms with a committee eager for quick results." More harmful still is one bent on delaying, or gagging!

Even more concerned have I been by the fact that a number of leaders in Canadian thought, political and otherwise, frequently take time to speak and write in praise of the United States system and to suggest that Canada would do better under it. Instead of being better than British democracy, is it not a method of government marked by instability of purpose, wastage of words, time and money, and of vast opportunity for powerful sectionalism to force policies contrary to the general good of the country?

Brockville, Ont. DR. E. S. THOMPSON

The Russian Threat

IT WAS with great admiration indeed that I read your excellent article published on June 13, in the SATURDAY NIGHT. ("Negative Aims Are Not Enough," by Willson Woodside). I entirely agree with you that a negative aim, merely the keeping out of the Russian bear from the door, is not enough. It is time for the Free World to realize that Russia's increase in population is 8000 daily, that she will have about 450 million inhabitants by 2000 A.D., and that the remainder of Europe is incapable of supporting in the long run the enormous pressure of a gigantic Panslav empire stretching from the Danube to the Pacific. In other words Western Europe would become Communistic even without invasion, just by "peaceful penetration . . ."

If Western Europe should come—by war or otherwise — under Communist domination, Africa would soon be lost too. Many countries in Asia—Indonesia, Burma, Persia, even India —are getting slowly but surely ripe for Communism. And it is difficult to see how the New World (this means both America and Australia) could stand alone and isolated if three of the five continents became Red.

Europe, the key position in order to avoid such a development, can only survive if the Russians are forced back into their natural living space, which is behind the Carpathians and the frontiers of Poland. There can be no security for the World without fulfilling this basic condition. And it is difficult to see that the Russians will ever agree to retire from such important regions as the Danube basin. They know the value of all key positions which they are holding at present as departure bases for military or political manoeuvres. The evacuation of Eastern Germany is by far not enough . . .

But even supposing the countries behind the Iron Curtain were to be liberated somehow, has the West any constructive solution concerning their future? Hundreds of little "Masaryks", Czechs, Poles, Hungarians and others, are now at work in the USA, proposing their "only right and just" solution for the organisation of these regions one day. Beware of a new chaos. There can be no doubt that the breaking up of the Danubian Commonwealth in 1918 was a great calamity. It was this policy which brought all peoples of the Danube basin where they are today, from an imperfect Freedom to perfect Slavery . . . What is needed is the establishment of a Danubian Federation, thus replacing the former Danubian Empire, a solution which does not hinder the eventual federation of the whole of Europe; on the contrary, it would facilitate it.

LT.-COL. F. O. MIKSCHE

Camberley, England.

The Hungry Germans

. . . THE poor Germans are hungry and get rapped on their square noggins by the nasty Communists when they rush for our free handouts—for the food that must be paid for by the forgotten taxpayers of North America. Isn't it too, too cruel?

The nation which has plunged the world into two blood-baths in half a century, which operated highly efficient concentration camps and gas chambers, which spawned the evil of Naziism, and put the world into the hole in which it is still struggling, surely deserves something better than free food from the West and thumpings from the East . . .

Sydney, NS PETER MACGILLIVRAY

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A Fresh Start For Our Cities

By E. G. FALUDI

WHEN SOME OF MY FRIENDS return from Europe or South America, I hear endless praise of the cities they visited. I also hear severe criticism of the failures in our cities. Periodically, we read editorials or letters to editors expressing the same views. Not long ago Bruce Hutchison, writing in the *Ottawa Citizen*, declared, "As one who is never tired of extolling Canada, I am bound, in ordinary honesty, to confess that Canadian cities are a mess beside the cities of Europe . . . Our failure as city builders in America is no accident, though it is a disaster. We have failed because, so far, we have never really wished to do better . . . Our minds have been on something else, on the business of making a living, and we have never stopped to think what kind of a living we wanted."

As a town planner, there is very little I can say to soften this verdict. Undoubtedly, European and Latin American cities have been designed and developed through the centuries with emphasis on a type of urban architecture which is impressive and imaginative.

Nevertheless, from a social and economic point of view, we should recognize that the average citizen of any Canadian community lives much better than the average European or South American. This is evident when we compare our residential districts, of any income group, with theirs. I wholly agree with Mr. Hutchison when he says, "We can teach the Europeans many things. Our homes on the average are far better than theirs."

The time has come, however, when we should say with sincerity that, while our cities are good places in which to earn a living, they do not have to be ugly, congested and inefficient. It should hardly be necessary to emphasize that every-day living can be earned perhaps with less effort and greater pleasure in an environment that provides sunshine, air, green open spaces, groupings of buildings which represent art in civic design, and structures which are not merely meaningless piles of steel, brick, stone or concrete.

There is no doubt that Canadians have a good sense of logic and social responsibility, as well as an understanding of economic pursuits. Why then do we fail when it comes to building, developing and operating our cities? We may ask further questions. Why, in the brief space of little more than a century, have most of our towns and cities become relatively obsolete? Why is it that our cities have grown up with no relation to the pace of technological progress? There is no doubt that some of our cities are better than others; but there are very few where economic opportunities are evenly linked with up-to-date living conditions in the sense of physical environment.

The fact is, in terms of the tax dollar, very few municipalities offer sound values. If the question were proposed, which city in Canada offers more and better services for the taxes paid, very few of the large cities could be considered at all. How then can we explain the continuous growth of the large cities? The only answer we can suggest is a certain economic magnetism in the larger cities which attracts and keeps people there in spite of all the drawbacks of ugliness, traffic congestion, housing shortage, lack of efficient services and recreational or cultural facilities. In appraising the power of such economic attraction, one can easily fall into superficial generalization and conclude that there is no hope for improvement in our cities, and that the new ones to come will follow the path of the old ones. Without making a diagnosis of our communities and analyzing the ills and their origins, such pessimistic conclusions are certainly premature.

The most evident fact is that none of our cities has an architectural setting worth mentioning. We are still in the early stage where elementary building is the beginning and the end of planning. We seldom find coherent relation between buildings and space. Yet a small grouping of buildings can produce a dramatic effect in a town that local citizens as well as visitors will always remember and talk about.

Our greatest failure is that we are afraid to take advantage of the scenic features nature has given us. In nearly every city we have neglected the waterfronts, ravines, hills and valleys. We have either ignored them or ruined them — filled them with ugly structures or turned them into dumping places.

AMONG the major cities of Canada, Toronto, the most prosperous, has failed notably to make use of such natural and unique assets as its waterfront, its island, and its beautiful ravines which encircle most of the built up areas. The real disappointment comes when we compare Toronto with European or Latin American cities on the architectural side. Nowhere in Toronto has public or private enterprise created an urban environment that can challenge even the lesser cities of Europe.

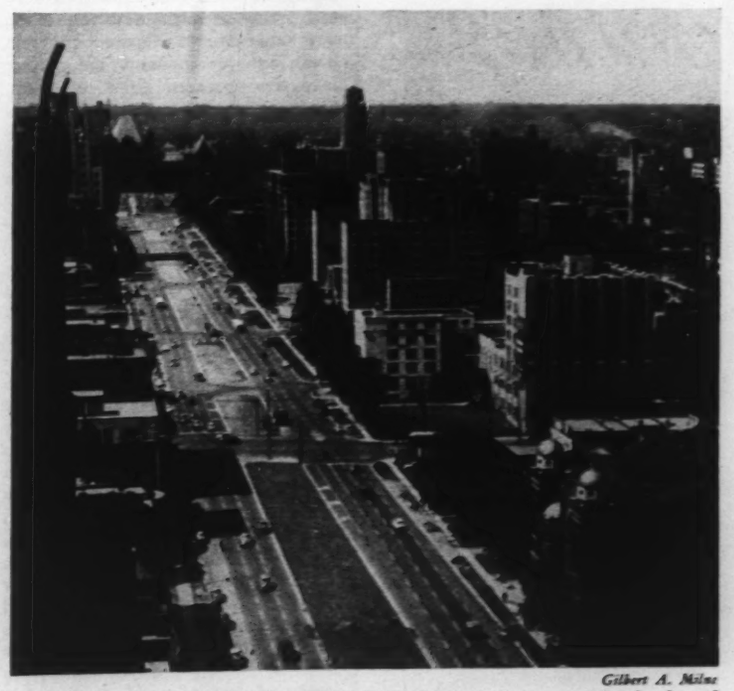
When we look at Toronto as the city which represents the greatest value in urban real estate in Canada, we search for visible evidence of that value in its buildings, streets, plazas and squares. It should hardly be necessary to emphasize that no such evidence can be seen in its prosperous downtown area, or on its historic Yonge Street, which is the backbone of the city. The building projects in the Metropolitan Area of Toronto constitute today perhaps the biggest building undertaking in Canada. Yet none of them has special attributes worth mentioning or remembering. Individually, the buildings may be of good design, but this does not alter the fact that there are no two adjoining buildings, which together form an architectural unity with boldness and imagination. During the last five years, many millions of dollars have been poured into public and private buildings in the downtown and midtown areas, and with the exception of the subway stations, no consideration has been given to the environment into which they may fit.

Individually, we cannot blame the planners, architects, builders, realtors, mortgage companies and public authorities, but all together, as those responsible for building our cities, they must accept the blame for the failure to create an atmosphere in which little, if any, improvement over the past practices is evident.

The reconstruction of portions of four city blocks in the Yonge-Bloor-Jarvis area in Toronto is perhaps the best example of the lack of interest in facing a challenge and grasping an opportunity to create a unique and well-planned city area where setting and buildings are treated as an architectural whole. Within these blocks there are at present six monumental buildings under construction, and at least two more in the designing stage; yet no one thought or desired to create a grouping of buildings to present a unity similar to the Rockefeller Centre, or form a setting around a plaza, or create a structure with open space like the Lever building in New York. The new structures rigidly follow the established building line, with no consideration of the fact that today's building requirements for tall buildings are somewhat different from the stereotypes of older days. It should be remembered, too, that there were neither financial nor legislative problems to overcome. We could have built here a centre of business and institutional buildings having a functional and architectural climax, with an urban attractiveness.

We also missed out all along Yonge Street, where, as a result of subway construction, we tore down shabby buildings. South of St. Clair Avenue on Yonge, there are at least seven new office buildings already erected or under construction. Here we had an opportunity to create occasional squares and to group the buildings around them to break the monotony and small-town narrowness of Yonge Street.

Toronto's proudest accomplishment is University Avenue, the jewel of all Canadian streets. Practically, it is a blind-end street with neither a beginning nor a stirring climax. It is just a wide street with a boulevard in the centre, and with accent on a number of large institutional buildings mixed with commercial buildings of heights varying from one-storey to skyscraper size. It has no skyline of any architectural character. The centre boulevard is just a plot of grass with patches of flowers, and is no more interesting than any small neighborhood parquette. The biggest effort was made at the South African monu-



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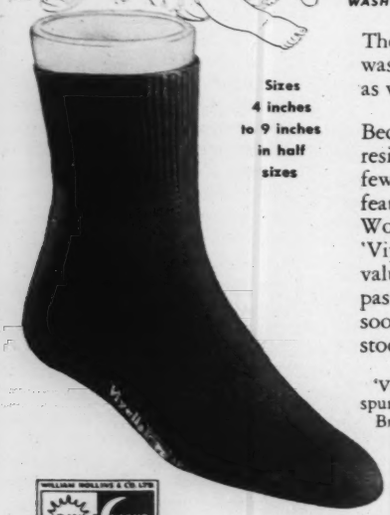

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ment, where four huge concrete boxes were erected to hold some insignificant plants. These four concrete boxes bear no relation to the fine monument, either in design or material.

Day by day we miss, in Toronto and other Canadian cities, the opportunity to design and build structures which will make our cities a little more than just a mass of buildings. The fact is that we cannot have cities of imaginative design unless buildings and open spaces are conceived together.

One of the reasons for the short-sighted use of the magnificent opportunities in Toronto may be blamed on the conventional practice of following out-dated regulations. Everybody involved tends to hold to restrictive zoning and building by-laws, instead of employing a fresh approach towards the conception of a new urban environment and planning for it.

But there are other reasons also: we do not want to look too far into the future. Just recently, one of the chief executives of the City of Toronto said to the heads of the City Planning and Traffic Departments, "I realize you gentlemen are planning for several years ahead, but our responsibility is a little different. We have to consider what can be done *now*." To such thinking we must add the selfish mentality of the average taxpayer, who resists any civic expenditure which does not benefit him immediately. He refuses to approve or contribute to anything for the purpose of assisting future generations.

It is not difficult to explain the effect of such thinking on our civic leaders and governments, but it is difficult to understand it. It originates from the lack of trust in giving a long-term mandate to civic governments. Most of our civic governments are elected for a term of one, or at most two years, during which they merely learn the business of government, and when finally they have grasped the fundamentals, they have to start electioneering again. Under such conditions, very few council members dare to propose any long-range development program involving even modestly the present taxpayers' pockets. Most of them, because of lack of education, experience and knowledge of municipal government, don't believe in or understand legislating for objectives which are beyond every day economic boundaries. Aesthetic objectives are considered unrealistic and unnecessary.

No part of our larger cities, such as Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver and Winnipeg, cries more loudly for improvement and redevelopment than the obsolete downtown areas with congested, narrow and abortive streets, and empty lots among the imposing skyscrapers. Such areas cannot simply be zoned. They must be planned to the smallest detail in relation to an overall scheme so that when buildings are demolished and new ones built, they become parts of a unified whole.

Every scheme for relieving traffic congestion in the central areas of our cities will fail until such a far-sighted redevelopment plan is made. What one property owner in a block may not be able to afford to do by himself, a group of owners could do with less difficulty by participating in a common plan. For such an undertaking there is sufficient legislative power, under the Planning Acts of many of the provinces, to enable a city to buy up a sufficient amount of land, replan it as a unified whole and then resell it to the original owners or interested developers. Unfortunately, neither the city administrations nor the businessmen of the downtown areas have yet shown the courage or the imagination to follow through such a project. Business is still too good for the average man to realize that our large cities are strangling themselves.

We have as yet in Canada no Rockefellers, Morgans or Mellons who are prepared to participate in redevelopment projects of the kind which were built recently in New York, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. Our rich citizens very seldom leave land, buildings or funds to a municipality for public improvement projects. Most of them believe in immortalizing their names by leaving their fortunes to charitable organizations.

The creation of the Rockefeller Centre or the redevelopment of the Golden Triangle in Pittsburgh and the Chinese Wall Area in Philadelphia were cooperative efforts of property owners and the municipal administration, of individuals and corporations, by coordinating in a business-like manner economic pursuits with functional and aesthetic objectives.

There is also a lack of interest at the Federal and Provincial levels of government in assisting our cities to improve and develop their decaying centres. In Chicago, Detroit and San Francisco, hundreds of millions were provided by the senior governments for redevelopment projects.

We may add that little interest has been shown by the Dominion Government in the design and setting of public buildings. Recent Dominion buildings in Ottawa are reproductions of a formalistic architectural language that does not reflect either today's or tomorrow's working and living requirements in relation to their function within the fine Capital Plan.

The time has come when we should ask what function bureaucracy has in the building of our cities. Will it be the master or the servant? The expanded officialdom in charge of planning the growth and redevelopment of our cities has not come forward yet with one creative idea. Bureaucrats are mainly interested in controlling the creative efforts of others and operating under rules designed for administration rather than inspiration. The planning and building of our cities is in an uneasy state of internal conflict between governments and private enterprise.

How can we, under so many handicaps, come to a happy conclusion in improving our cities? Obviously, we cannot here explore every aspect of such a complex problem, but we can sum up by saying that our cities will be improved only if the voters find out the terms by which such improvements can be achieved and accept those terms. They will then elect civic administrations capable of carrying out improvement programs. This would require a nation-wide education of taxpayers and governments, but it has been done successfully elsewhere.

The Social Scene

Berths, Birthrights and Bananas With Cream

TRAVEL MAY be broadening to some, but it is narrowing to me. If there is anything likely to make me a misanthrope, it is being forced to live for a score of hours in the company of other cooped-up human beings.

I am speaking of train travel, for travel by automobile usually only offers the opportunity of studying one's own family, and there is plenty of time for that at other seasons of the year, without doing it on a vacation. Travelling by plane is also unrewarding, for most airplane trips are so brief that the air traveller hasn't time to cook up a man-sized hate against anybody but the clerk at the baggage scales, the hostess and the supercilious character behind the reservation desk.

But give me a train. On a train, especially on an overnight trip or longer, the whole human race comes apart at the seams, and there are more zoological specimens per cubic foot than you'll find in the Metropolitan Museum. These range from the garrulous drunk in the smoking room to the tweedy spinsters in the dining car, and from the *mater familias* with the high-pitched nasal "Don't do that, Shirley dear!" cry to the holiday bum who smokes two-for-fifteen cigars and pretends he's a big-time operator in venetian blinds from Gruesome Gulch, Ontario.

Having just returned from my annual pilgrimage to the Eastern seaboard I feel ready and able to look at the Canadian train traveller with a jaundiced eye, and discuss him (and her) with malice aforethought. After observing them for several days I am convinced that most of them had their trips financed by fed-up neighbors and friends, and that almost all of them are phonier than the veal scraps in a chicken sandwich.

Don't get me wrong; I *like* travelling by train. I'm the biggest yap in the country when it comes to staring through a train window at ruminating cattle or Clydesdale mares with foals, and the sight of village idiots grinning at me from flag-station platforms has a charm all its own. When the outside view palls, there is always the one inside.

Being an unpredictable person who comes and goes when the mood strikes, I neglected to reserve sleeping accommodations between Toronto and Montreal (or anywhere else for that matter) and as a consequence I found myself reclining for four nights on those shelves beneath the ceiling that are known as upper berths. Of course, you can always clobber night-prowling passengers with rolled-up gum wrappers from this point of vantage.

East of Montreal it was just my luck to be placed above two middle-aged sisters who were returning from the U.S. to attend a cousin's funeral in Rogersville, New Brunswick. Before the train left the station I knew that the cousin's name was Randolph, that he had been eighty-two, had died following a stroke, and had never before been sick a day in his life.

Next to the Newfoundland Express, which crawls through bog and forest without recourse to schedules or the laws of God or man, the most uninhibited train in Canada is the branch-line "Bay Train" between Matapedia and Gaspé, Quebec. They have changed the motive power from a coal-burning locomotive to a diesel now, which makes the soup a little less gritty, but the passengers still suffer from a well-nigh overwhelming urge to get off and help push it up the grades.

Those hardy individuals who were making a second trip along the line came well prepared for all its vicissitudes. My wonderment at the amount of luggage they carried was solved at lunch time, when they opened oversized suitcases crammed with enough fodder to last a cavalry division through a Russian winter.

DUE TO what I can only believe is a case of split-second timing on the part of locomotive engineers, the trains I travel on hit patches of rough roadbed at the precise moment that I begin spooning my soup. This is hard on tie-cleaning bills, but it never fails to give a happy moment to the children at the next table, and children, especially on trains, must be amused.

I was cagey this summer and chose fruit juice in preference to soup at every dining car meal but one. Fortunately, at the time of my one mental lapse the soup happened to be pearl barley broth, and I travelled for the next hundred miles or so before discovering that I was wearing not one but several imitation pearl stick-pins in my necktie. No wonder I was the cynosure of all eyes, as they say in the slick magazines.

Towards the end of one dining car luncheon, during which the train had floated along a roadbed as flat as a wine-bibber's wallet, I ordered sliced bananas with cream for dessert. Well, you know what happened. It is fairly easy to disguise soup stains, but sliced bananas remain sliced bananas, whether stuck to a necktie or not.

But to get back to the lack of inhibitions on the Bay Train. Everyone acts natural except the tourists, who make like tourists everywhere, even to the 1953 uniform for both sexes, which consists of slacks, Hawaiian shirts, dark glasses and white, peaked baseball caps. There used to be a single sign hanging in a small New York hotel which read, "Guests Are Asked to Refrain From Smoking Opium in the Elevators," and this was the only interference with life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness to be found in that wonderful hostelry. An equally unregimented attitude prevails on trains in Quebec, especially between Matapedia and Gaspé, and the regular travellers look upon it as their birthright.

Liquor, beer and wine are available in the lounge, and, we might add, in every other car on the train as well. Lumberjacks, fishermen, and construction workers from the new copper mining properties at Murdochville hoist themselves aboard lugging enough alcoholic products to pickle a dinosaur, and long before the train reaches its terminus the coaches are filled with the cacophony of several singing groups vying with each other in English and French. The members of the train crew have a true Gallic live-and-let-live attitude, and nothing much is prohibited but the dragging of grandmothers under the train.

On the eastbound trip along the Gaspé Coast I shared a seat with one of the stuffiest birds I ever met, an ornithologist from Chicago named Cowley. He was on his way to Bonaventure Island to observe the gannets in their nesting grounds. He was one of those academic characters who never use a simple word when a complicated one will suffice, and he preferred to call his little feathered friends by their Latin names. Five-sixths of his conversation was completely over my head.

Then Cowley fell in with a group of prospectors in the lounge car and they succeeded in getting him completely swizzled. As a result he became almost human, and after three hours in their company was completely unable to speak identifiable English let alone Latin. When he detrained at Percé, he shook hands solemnly with everyone on the car, fell on his face down the steps, and staggered away to a taxi, roaring a Chicago version of *Auprès de ma Blonde*. It was a question who would have the most fun out of their observations, the gannets or Cowley.

Robert Benchley once compared taking a train trip with young children to "travelling fourth class through Bulgaria", and I agree with him heartily. My own children have now grown to the point where I have been emancipated from my former role of story teller, nursemaid, ambulatory encyclopedia, and warm-milk-from-the-dining-car getter. I was prone to congratulate myself on the fact that I was at last free from the patter of little feet all over my Sunday suit until I met the Boudreau family.

THE BOUDREAUS are to the Gaspé Coast what the Smiths are to Lambeth and Kensington, except that they multiply twice as fast. The first of *this* particular Boudreau family that I met was a cute little girl about three years old to whom I rashly gave a dime in the hope that it would stop her staring at the pearl barley on my necktie. She disappeared, but returned in a minute or two followed by five other young Boudreaus, who didn't say a word but just stared at me solemnly as I tried to ignore them and concentrate on spotting the hole in Percé Rock as we passed it several miles away.

Finally, unable to stand their stares any longer, I handed them each a dime and shooed them away. A short time later a dishevelled young man came to my seat and introduced himself as Jean-Paul Boudreau, the father of the children. He thanked me for giving them the money, and told me that his wife was in a sanatorium, and that he was taking the children home from Montreal, where he worked, to his mother's farm. I told him he had certainly taken on a job for himself. After a few minutes' conversation he asked me if I would mind keeping an eye on them while he went back to the diner. I gave him a hearty, "Not at all!" in my best Boy Scout manner.

In less time than it takes to tell it, they all came trooping to my seat, and, horror of horrors, each one was sucking a popsicle, bought with my money while the train had stopped in the station at New Carlisle. They seemed to think they owed me a demonstration of affection, and I spent the first five minutes holding them at bay and the next half hour, until their father returned, washing multi-colored sticky patches from their faces and hands. By the time I got rid of them, Percé Rock was out of sight, and I still don't know whether the rock is eroded, bored or punched, nor do I care any longer.

I MET SOME wonderful phonies on my trip, including, on my return journey, a Montrealer who was shaving in the Pullman washroom. He bragged about his extensive travels, his salary, and his value to the firm he worked for, as a chief public relations counsel. His boasting was suddenly cut short when the Pullman conductor entered the washroom and chased him back to a day-coach at the rear of the train.

And then there were the laughs afforded by a couple of expatriate, and inebriated, Cape Breton Islanders who were returning to New Aberdeen after fifteen years among the inhibited citizens of Niagara Falls. One of them, named George, misplaced their tickets twice, once in Montreal's Central Station and the second time when they took over the wrong section in the car I was on, only to be awakened by the rightful ticket holders, and steered, protesting vigorously, to the car ahead by the porter.

I wake up sometimes during the night and find myself wondering about George and his friend. I feel certain that during their vacation George has lost their return tickets for good, and that they will have to hitch-hike back to the Falls. If they do, I hope they pick up lots of lifts; they were joyful travelling companions. And recalling them, I must admit that I always get a kick out of train travel—where else can you meet such goofy people?

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Ottawa Letter

Behind The Election's Statistics

THE VOTING statistics for the recent Federal election provide some interesting revelations.

An analysis of the voting shows that each Liberal member represents an average of 15,546 voters, each Conservative 33,562, each member of the CCF 27,212 and each Social Creditor 20,654. The Conservative party, therefore, is the greatest sufferer from the present system of voting and would gain most from the introduction of proportional representation or the alternative vote.

Why did Quebec, where politics are always taken seriously, show the lowest percentage of actual voters, 35 per cent, and why was it followed closely by Alberta with 35.5 per cent, while the adjacent province of Saskatchewan had a turnout of 41 per cent? In the East there was a similar inexplicable discrepancy between two adjacent provinces, Nova Scotia (52 per cent) and New Brunswick (42 per cent), while a third Maritime province, Prince Edward Island, had by far the highest ratio, 67 per cent. Ontario slumped to 44 per cent, but even so was well ahead of the figure for British Columbia, 40 per cent.

The Liberal party won the election in spite of the supposed handicap that only in four provinces, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Manitoba (each with small populations amounting together to less than one-seventh of the total for Canada), did it command the sympathy of the ruling provincial administration. But this disadvantage was greatly mitigated by the position of neutrality adopted by Mr. Duplessis and Mr. Frost, the Premiers of Quebec and Ontario, the two largest provinces.

The reluctance of Mr. Duplessis to intervene actively and to urge his compatriots to vote against a very eminent French-Canadian was intelligible, but the Federal Conservatives, while they were greatly disappointed by his uncooperative attitude, are much more aggrieved by what they regard as the passivity of Mr. Frost and his colleagues. They maintain that, if the latter had only bestirred themselves with the same vigor on behalf of Mr. Drew as Col. T. L. Kennedy did, there would have been a much different story to tell about the result in Ontario. They attribute Mr. Frost's course partly to his unwillingness to risk alienating the substantial number of Liberals who supported him in the last provincial election in Ontario, and partly to his dislike of Mr. Drew's persistent condemnation of the Federal-Provincial tax agreements, which implied that Mr. Frost was a fool to barter away some of Ontario's financial rights.

It is also possible that a great many voters in Ontario have reverted to a habit of their ancestors, who used to hedge their bets in politics. In Federal elections, during the long ascendancy of the Conservative party under Sir John Macdonald, the Conservatives usually carried a majority of the seats in Ontario; but in provincial elections, Liberal Ministries under Edward Blake and Sir Oliver Mowat were kept steadily in power. In those days the voters of Ontario evidently felt that it was desirable not to have the same party in power at Ottawa and at Queen's Park. On August 10, their modern successors and also the voters of New Brunswick, who in a provincial election held a year ago strongly favored the Conservative party, seem to have been imbued with the same idea.

THE MANNER of the Liberal success impairs the chances of any serious headway with two important reforms. During the campaign, almost the only explicit pledge about reforms given by Prime Minister St. Laurent was that he would persevere in his efforts to secure the acquiescence of the provinces for a formula which would help Canada amend her constitution by domestic action. This project has been for many months in a state of suspended animation because the special subcommittee of legal experts, entrusted by the last Federal-Provincial conference with the task of evolving a workable formula, has been unable to reach any agreement. Before the last negotiations broke down, the St. Laurent Ministry could count upon the sympathy of the provincial governments of New Brunswick and British Columbia for its proposals, but both of these have now fallen into hostile hands.

The present composition of the provincial ministries and legislatures also affects the problem of the reform of the Senate, which cannot be indefinitely postponed. Today the Conservative opposition in the Senate is reduced to a feeble rump of eight members, half of whom are elderly invalids; it is quite incapable of sustaining a decent debate against the embattled phalanx of 82 Liberal senators which can be mustered. This disparity of party representation in the Senate, and the absence of any spokesman of the CCF and the Social Credit parties, who between them polled nearly a million votes in the late election, weakens fatally the prestige and authority of the Senate. Even the independent attitude taken by a small group of Liberal Senators headed by Senator Crerar cannot prevent it from being regarded by the public as a servile creature of the Government and a home of refuge for tired Liberal politicians.

It can be taken for granted that the Liberal party will hold power for at least four more years, and by the end of that time it is virtually certain that the operations of mortality will have reduced the present Conservative contingent to two or three. For all practical purposes the Senate will have its membership monopolized by Liberals. Mr. St. Laurent must realize that some action must be taken to revive the prestige of the Senate and save it from becoming an object of general derision.

There have been unconfirmed reports that the Prime Minister has toyed with the idea of permitting the three parties in opposition to nominate suitable persons for the 12 seats now vacant. If he carried out this idea, he would presumably allot the seats to the other parties in proportion to the popular vote secured by each. An allotment on this basis would give the Conservatives eight seats in the Senate, the CCF three and the Social Creditors one. While it would produce some improvement of the present farcical situation, it would only be a makeshift palliative, and it is by no means certain that the Prime Minister could secure the assent of the rank and file of his party to such an unprecedented act of generosity.

The British tradition, that the House of Commons must always enjoy a definite supremacy among the estates of the realm because it represents the will of the people, and the Upper House must have certain limitations upon its power, forbids any imitation of the American plan under which Senators are elected by popular vote. The result of the U.S. system is that the Senate of the United States has long been a much more powerful body than the House of Representatives, and the prestige accorded to its members has attracted politicians of better calibre than the average Representative. Neither in Britain nor Canada would public opinion countenance the establishment of political ascendancy for the Upper House, and therefore this idea can be dismissed.

THE PLAN which has found most favor among advocates of drastic reform of the Senate has been that at each Federal election the provincial legislatures should be empowered to fill the quota of seats in the Senate allocated to each province under a system of proportional representation. If, for example, the Liberals held 50 per cent of the seats in a legislature, their representatives would elect 50 per cent of the province's Senators; if the Conservatives held 30 per cent of the seats, they would choose 30 per cent of the Senators. But with the existing personnel of the 10 provincial legislatures, the adoption of this plan would give the country a Senate in which opponents of the Liberal party would be in a decisive majority, and in a position to block or mutilate all governmental legislation. It is unthinkable that under present conditions Mr. St. Laurent and his Cabinet would contemplate such a plan. But what they might do is to reserve half of the seats in the Senate for their own nominees and permit the other half to be filled by the provincial legislatures. They would then be assured of keeping a Liberal majority in the Senate and the other parties would have reasonable representation.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

Foreign Affairs

A Great Cold War Victory

THE SAVING OF IRAN from Communist control is a great event in the cold war, even in a year which has seen the death of Stalin, the purge of Beria, the revolt of East Germany and general unrest throughout the Soviet satellite system.

To judge from the reaction of my own acquaintances, however, many people are extremely skeptical of the final victory of the anti-Communist forces in Iran, if not completely baffled by the whole affair. Are Iranian politics to be taken seriously? Can they be explained at all?

I think they can. What we have been witnessing is a conflict between two noisy, aggressive modern forces, Iranian nationalism and imported Communism, and a deeper and less active force, the traditional loyalties of Iranian society to the Shah and to the Moslem faith. Under Mossadegh, we were witnessing not so much Iranian politics as Teheran politics. Here in the sprawling capital was the hotbed of nationalism, in the young intelligentsia, the "white-collar proletariat" who cannot secure work to fit their education, and the mass of rootless city people.

Here were the poor, living without hope in the teeming cave-huts on the outskirts of Teheran. It cannot be surprising that the Soviets, who maintain a huge embassy compound of many square blocks in the heart of Teheran and are reputed to have spent much gold on the enterprise, were able to recruit a following and to raise a mob from these surroundings and in general from a society so blatantly unjust and corrupt as that of Iran.

So long as Mossadegh's policy seemed to be aimed at freeing the country from the foreign grip he had the solid support of the nationalists; and since these foreigners happened to be the British, he had at least the benevolent neutrality of the Communists. When Mossadegh turned openly against the Crown, last February, he gained the enthusiastic support of the Communists and of their "clandestine" broadcasting station across the Soviet border, but at the same time he steadily lost nationalist following in and out of parliament.

His downfall came on two counts: his usurpation of the powers of the Shah with the clear intent of deposing him, and his too-open embracement of the Communists. It was only deferred through the control he had secured of police and army, by appointing many of his followers to high office. It was precipitated in the end by the sudden realization of army and people that they were almost in the bear's mouth.

The Soviets, who had played their game so patiently for years, miscalculated at the end. There can be little doubt that they made a mistake in sending their commission to Teheran at this moment to "settle all outstanding questions" with Iran. Basing their judgment too much on the economic factors of the situation, they saw Iran finally bankrupt and the moment at hand to offer Soviet "help." But the dominant Iranian reaction in the crisis was patriotic and sentimental, not economic. The glitter of the 11 tons of gold (Iranian gold, seized during the war and held by Moscow ever since) which the Soviet delegation dangled before the eyes of the Iranians completely failed to blind them to the fact that Mossadegh, now in open compact with the Tudeh Communists, had driven the Shah from the country and a Soviet-paid mob had pulled down the statues of the Shah and his father.

This Shah was no Farouk, and that is the heart of the story. He may be a weak and generally indecisive young man. But he has shown more genuine concern for the welfare of his people than Mossadegh ever did. He has led the way in reforming the feudal land system, the basic evil and weakness of the country, dividing up his estates among the peasants and strongly backing the American "Point Four" program for teaching better cultivation and providing better farm implements, as well as the Seven Year Plan worked out by an American group of consultants for the development of the country.

BY CONTRAST, Mossadegh only promised that there would be "a life of ease and plenty for all" once the oil industry was seized, and stopped the Shah's distribution of the royal estates by taking control of a large part of these by the government. He himself, holding some of the largest estates in Iran, did *not* divvy up.

The "coup" which Mossadegh claimed the Shah attempted, in order to oust him, and which he suppressed on August 15, was simply the sending of an officer of the Imperial Guard with a decree which named General Zahedi as the new prime minister. A year before, when the Shah had named Ghavam prime minister, Mossadegh had recognized the royal authority and retired; his nationalist mob and the Communist mob were then used to bring down the Ghavam government in bloody rioting, and Mossadegh triumphantly secured his own reappointment. But this time Mossadegh made his final break with legality by defying the Shah's authority, which he had already infringed in framing a plebiscite to dissolve parliament, a right reserved by the Constitution to the Shah.

Zahedi thus wore the mantle of legality in a situation which was not nearly so revolutionary as the Soviets had imagined. He could appeal, as he did every day, to the people, the army and the tribes as the legal appointee of the Shah, the doughtiest remaining opponent of Mossadegh, and as strongly anti-British.

Zahedi also fought against the Bolsheviks after the First Great War. He has been Governor of the province of Khuzistan, where the Abadan oil refinery is located, and Police Chief of Teheran for nine years, up to the Anglo-Russian seizure of 1941. The following year the famous Brigadier Fitzroy MacLean ("Eastern Approaches") had the assignment of sticking a gun in Zahedi's ribs and packing him off to internment in Palestine. After the war he was again Chief of Police of Teheran, and Minister of the Interior in the cabinet immediately preceding the Mossadegh regime.

His task in ruling a country with empty Treasury and unpaid civil service and army, an unsettled oil dispute on its hands and a tighter oil market should the dispute be settled, is no enviable one. It is to be hoped that the Shah's appeal for immediate American aid will be answered.

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Music

Marching Songs

BACK TO auld claes and parritch! The Election is well enough over for me to mention it without even the appearance of partisanship. The deep silence and profound introspection of the electorate have been succeeded by the tumult and the shouting of everyday life; though the Kings have departed, the Captains remain. The general absence of enthusiasm has been attributed by some to the feeling that the outcome was a foregone conclusion; by others, to the idea that the two major parties need something more to rouse the public than policies borrowed from the various minor parties.

Neither of these explanations is right. The true explanation is that we have not yet succeeded in involving our politics with music. Our music with politics, yes; that we have managed, from time to time. But there are no burning songs of political rancor. The crowds did not march singing that they would hang whoever's-name-will-scan on a sour apple tree. I do not want to seem fanciful in this matter. This is the sort of thing that has happened in other countries, and happened often.

In 1830, in the month of August (note), Auber's opera *Masaniello* was performed in Brussels. The work itself had been praised by Wagner, who spoke of its "bold effects in instrumentation, . . . no less than its original harmonies and happy strokes of dramatic characterization." These remarks are as interchangeably applicable as funeral eulogies, and a person cannot gather what *Masaniello* really sounds like, even if he were to read bookfuls of this stuff. But that Brussels audience in 1830 knew what it sounded like. It sounded like revolution; and all the pent-up feelings of the people suddenly burst out against the Netherlanders who ruled the country then, and began the riots that led to Belgian independence.

But we do not need *Masaniello*, because we are already independent; and furthermore we do not approve of riots as a means of settling disputes. But is it not possible to work up a little spirit on behalf of something else than independence, and is it not possible to work it off by something other than riots?

Consider the case of *Lilliburlero*. We might think it an amiable, commonplace sort of tune, though Purcell used it handsomely enough in *The Gordian Knot Unty'd*, and it appears in *The Beggar's Opera*, too. Stevenson tells us that the pirates whistled that tune, and when I first read *Treasure Island*, I used to ponder deeply on its peculiar name, made none the less peculiar by my thinking it was accented on the third syllable. But when General Talbot was made Governor of Ireland in 1686, this odd little tune made its appearance with a set of odd little words:

Ho! broder Teague, dost hear de decree?
Lilliburlero, bullen-a-la,
Dat we shall have a new deputie?
Lilliburlero, bullen-a-la.

All this stage Irish was then followed by eight bars of mixed leros, bullens, lillis and what-not. Not much sense has ever been made of it except in one important particular. Nobody mistook it for anything but a Protestant song of battle. Bishop Burnet, who was alive at the time, says "the whole army and at last the people, both in the city and country were singing it, and perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect." Certainly the effect was almost to sing James II off his throne.

Nor is this all. Giuseppe Verdi often had trouble with the authorities because of the inflammatory nature of his operas. The trouble was not helped by zealots who scribbled "Viva Verdi!" over walls and other places. When the police intervened, the explanation was always that the scribbler had fallen to work in a passion of musical aesthetics. But everybody knew very well that the letters of Verdi's name were intended to stand for "Vittorio Emmanuele, Re d'Italia".

It is as if someone should write "Viva Willan!", professing his admiration for unaccompanied polyphony and in reality be propounding the heavy doctrine that Women Invite Lotteries, Liquor, and Nudism! Such a state of things seems to be highly improbable in Canada; and yet how exciting if every policy and doctrine had its special music. It has been said that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation. At the moment I am afraid not many people care very much about either. But I care, and I eagerly await the time when music will rouse political sentiment; when the men of Montreal will march to the strains of *Il y Aura Un Chaud Temps dans la Vieille Ville ce Soir;* and the men of Toronto will pour out their characteristic broadmindedness in the mighty phrases of *Gloomy Sunday*.

Those who would prohibit any sort of music for political reasons, I will not tolerate, even for a flight of fancy.

LISTER SINCLAIR

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Sports

Will They Love Us in November?

IF THE DOMINION SENIOR rugby football championship game were played this afternoon, it is quite likely that Western Canada would win its first Grey Cup since 1948. And as a gnarled old philosopher once told us, "If I had Lake Louise in hell, I could sell it at $25 a glass."

Unfortunately for the victory-starved Western Canadians, the Grey Cup final won't be played until the presumably bleak afternoon of Saturday, November 28, in University of Toronto Stadium.

The old-timers hardy enough to wade through our newspaper columns will attest to your correspondent's unerring instinct for picking winners in any field of sport. As far as football is concerned, we picked Winnipeg successfully in 1935, picked Winnipeg in 1939, picked Winnipeg again in 1941 and picked Calgary Stampeders in 1948. We picked Whipper Billy Watson to beat The Masked Marvel (22nd bout), gave an exclusive tip on Dark Star in the Kentucky Derby and predicted that Marilyn Monroe would be named Miss Sweater Girl of 1952. On the debit side, we confess that we picked Winnipeg Blue Bombers, Saskatchewan Roughriders and Edmonton Eskimos to lick their Grey Cup rivals in 1950, 1951 and 1952, respectively, but we didn't know that the officials were going to handicap Our Boys by compelling them to use a football.

Millions of Western hearts are full of hope once more since the Prairie teams defeated their Eastern opponents in six of this year's eight pre-season exhibition games. Winnipeg and Edmonton each won two games on their home fields. Calgary and Saskatchewan ventured into Eastern Canada and each managed to win one game in unfamiliar surroundings.

If any significance can be attached to exhibition games, your correspondent suggests boldly that Saskatchewan and Calgary aren't as strong as Winnipeg or Edmonton.

Your correspondent watched the Calgarys play the Hamiltons and then journeyed to Montreal to watch the Calgarys play Lew Hayman's Larks. The Stampeders were a bit lucky to beat the Tigers, and then, when we saw the Montreal exhibition, we had the uncomfortable suspicion that we were watching the two teams which would finish in last place in their respective leagues.

The Stampeders have a fine backfield—a backfield which, probably, is as good as any in Canada. Against the Montrealers, they gave the impression that they are woefully short of top-grade linemen. Unless Coach Bob Snider can plug those holes up front, his good backs are going to spend most of the season on the seats of their pants. For one thing, he needs a centre line-backer of the calibre of old "Rattler" Matheson or Red Ettinger. Against Montreal, his line-backers were playing in such tight formation that it appeared that he was employing a nine-man line. Despite this concentration of bulk, the Montrealers ran through them at will in the second half.

Montreal? Well, what can you say about Les Alouettes? One day they're up and the next day they're down. Once again, they are sadly lacking in Canadians to supplement their high-priced American imports. It's difficult to predict a brilliant future for a team which won only two games in 1952.

PROFESSOR FRANK CLAIR, the solemn savant who slide-ruled the Toronto Argonauts to the Grey Cup in 1952, returned from Western Canada full of respect for the Winnipeg Blue Bombers and the Edmonton Oklahomans.

"Big fellows," Clair muttered thoughtfully as he reviewed films of that 24-0 defeat in Winnipeg. "Monsters. Men as big as fir trees. My, but I'd like to have a few of those monsters playing for me."

For three years now, independent sports writers have been opening the football season by picking the Blue Bombers as the best team in Canada but the Winnipegs have confounded them by blowing up in moments of crisis.

This year, there can be no doubt that the Bombers are more powerful than ever before. Their home-grown talent has developed to such an extent that they submitted the Argonauts to the indignity of fielding an All-Canadian team and scoring a touchdown in seven plays. Additionally, the Winnipegs now have a stabilizing influence for temperamental Indian Jack Jacobs in the person of the veteran Philadelphia Eagles quarterback, Tommy Thompson. With Thompson sitting on the bench, the Winnipeg coach, Gentle George Trafton, now is in a position to yank Jacobs when the brilliant Indian gives vent to one of his celebrated bursts of passion.

For the first time in history, the Winnipegs will be playing on a decently-sodded home field. The grass in their new stadium is immaculately manicured. This may be a bit of a handicap to the Bombers, who never felt at home unless they were sneezing the dust of Osborne Stadium where the stands, according to the legend, were built of old orange crates and barrels from the adjoining Shea's Brewery.

The Edmonton Eskimos should get off to a fast start before the other Western teams solve the intricacies of their Split-T formation. They have added power to their 1952 team which beat Winnipeg in the Western finals—although the collapse of the Bombers in that series is regarded, on the Prairies, as a mystery just as puzzling as the disappearance of Ambrose Small or Judge Crater.

The best that can be said for the Saskatchewan Roughriders is that Glen Dobbs should have a fine season, now that he has been relieved of his coaching duties and can concentrate on quarterbacking. And, in Mac Speedie of the Cleveland Browns, Dobbs will have an excellent target for his passes. Your correspondent wonders, though, how the Roughriders will fare after they cut down their American imports and are forced to rely on their Canadian shock-troops.

With scarcely a quiver, we predict that the Western Canadian teams will complete their regular schedule in this order: Winnipeg, Edmonton, Saskatchewan, Calgary.

Okay! Okay! So shoot us if we're wrong.

Having disposed of the Western Canadian teams with no difficulty, we wish that we could pass over the Eastern Canadian football season and proceed to a serious discussion of baseball's forthcoming World Series.

However, there will be no craven shilly-shallying in the columns of this publication of forthright opinion. After all, this piece is being printed in the issue of September 5 and the memory of the reading public is mercifully short.

The Ottawa Rough Riders are the question-marks in The Big Four. The Ottawas could finish first or they could finish third. For that matter, one could drop the names of the Rough Riders, the Toronto Argonauts and the Hamilton Tiger-Cats into a hat and pick them out haphazardly. (Did we forget to mention the Montreal Alouettes?)

Little James McCaffrey has said publicly that the 1953 Rough Riders are his best Ottawa post-war team. On the other hand, we suspect that the 1953 Argonauts are the best Toronto post-war team and we believe that the 1953 Tiger-Cats are the best Hamilton post-war team.

HOW CAN YOU overlook the Argonauts who won the Grey Cup in 1952? And, how can you overlook the Hamilton Tiger-Cats who, like Winnipegs, usually appear to be the best team in the league and then blow the duke in the play-offs?

We feel that, with the acquisition of Bob Celeri, the Hamiltons will receive the big league quarterbacking which they have lacked in the past two seasons. It has been your correspondent's theory that an American quarterback needs a full season to become accustomed to the Canadian game but we are prepared to waive this theory in the case of Celeri. (Hope he's still with the team by the time that this is published.)

Soooooo—this is the order in which the Big Four teams will finish: Hamilton, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal.

The Grey Cup? The Winnipeg Blue Bombers will win the Grey Cup, naturally. You don't think that we could be wrong SIX years in a row?

JIM COLEMAN

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Letter from Montreal

Controlling Ottawa From Both Sides

THE DAY AFTER the Federal election, *The Gazette* ran a story under the headline, "Voting Here Like Sunday in Toronto." Most of us thought the headline inaccurate, for Toronto on the Sabbath cannot possibly seem as apathetic as we were on the day of this last election.

Montreal, once a turbulent election town, acted on August 10 as though she thought the whole business of establishing a new parliament in Ottawa was an unnecessary bore. Up till 5 p.m. only 40 per cent of the eligible voters had cast their ballots, and when the polls closed two hours later it was learned that barely 60 per cent of those on the lists had bothered to visit the booths. Business went on as usual and crowds were small and quiet. Only seven arrests were made in connection with the election—two for impersonation and five for the customary Montreal crime of stealing a ballot box. The only incident even approximating a riot occurred when the voting was over and the trend had declared itself. A mob of about a hundred men wrecked the home of Jean-Paul Boisjoly, the defeated Conservative candidate in Montreal - St. Mary, but their wrath was not caused by Mr. Boisjoly's failure to get himself elected. "We want our pay!" was the war cry with which they stormed his house.

Of course, all Canada knew the Grits were going to get in, and the only question to be settled was the strength of the opposition. In Montreal there was no doubt even about that. We had known all along how Quebec was going to vote, and we had been virtually certain that Quebec was going to control the entire election. So when the results were in, we were surprised to learn that the Conservatives had managed to win even a single contest among the 21 ridings in the Island of Montreal.

It was not the rain in our part of the country, still less was it the fact that polling day was deliberately set in the middle of the holiday season, that caused so many Montrealers to be bored with the very fact of the election. It was something much more fundamental than that.

Quebec Province has discovered intuitively, and now puts into automatic practice, a voting formula which is rapidly changing the pattern of democratic government in Canada. Though everyone in the country knows that the *Canadiens* put an almost solid bloc of Liberals into the Federal house, thus establishing a claim on the government greater than any other province can match, few people outside Quebec seem to realize that there is another equation in the voting formula. French-Canada elects Maurice Duplessis' *Union Nationale* to power within the province (ultra-Conservative though *Union Nationale* may be), and this apparent contradiction in political attitudes suits the *Canadiens* so well that the formula promises to continue indefinitely.

The *Union Nationale*, though many people outside Quebec do not seem to realize it, is nothing more than a revamped version of the old Tory *Parti Bleu*, to which hundreds of thousands of *Canadiens* have been devoted for nearly a century. With the *Rouges* in power in Ottawa, and the *Bleus* in power within the province, French Canada is the only part of the nation which feels it has an adequate opposition. For *Union Nationale* fights and wins under the slogan that it is the *Canadien's* champion against the encroachments of the very Federal government which the *Canadien* bloc so uniquely dominates. What interest has Quebec in Mr. Drew's Conservatives, when it has Mr. Duplessis' Conservatives to oppose the federal Liberals? In other words, the uncanny political shrewdness of French Canada has invented a technique which enables it to control Ottawa from both sides of the fence.

Ironically but logically, Mr. St. Laurent and Mr. Duplessis now have a vested interest in one another. Should the federal Liberals be defeated, the Duplessis government would almost certainly fall in Quebec. Contrariwise, should Quebec oust *Union Nationale*, the federal Liberals would have serious cause for alarm. Whatever sentiments Mr. Duplessis and Mr. St. Laurent may feel towards one another personally or towards each other's parties, as practical politicians they must surely be aware that each is in the other's debt.

This Quebec voting formula has become the most important political development in Canada since Confederation. As long as it lasts, the Liberals are sure to rule in Ottawa and most of the other provinces will intensify their recent, seemingly involuntary, attempts to copy Quebec's master formula. In other words, they will give the federal Liberals a limited majority, while at the same time they elect locally whatever splinter group pleases them—Social Credit, CCF or the Conservatives as the case may be. But these local splinter groups will be isolated in a way *Union Nationale* is not, for they will have no claim whatever on the federal government.

Obviously, our Federal parliament will eventually become a mockery of a parliament if the Quebec formula is practised indefinitely. But on election day in Montreal we knew it was going to be practised this year, and now that the election is over, we know it will continue to be practised unless and until a new species of party arises or the Federal Conservatives reform themselves out of recognition.

Let us not hunt under beds for a scapegoat. The Quebec voting formula is the direct product of years of Conservative ignorance and folly. The Federal Tories rode roughshod over French Canada in the First World War. When R. B. Bennett was in power they did nothing to mend the fences their predecessors had broken so wantonly. All through the Second World War they gave Quebec the impression that they were willing to split the country in two if this manoeuvre would oust Mackenzie King. After the war they chose a leader who had made so many uncomplimentary remarks about French Canada that all the Liberals had to do was to dig into the newspaper files, produce the deadly statements and read them aloud in the hustings. The fact that Mr. Drew had actually changed his attitude toward Quebec profited him nothing. After all, the provincial motto is still *Je me souviens*.

WHETHER or not the Conservatives can do anything to save their party has become one of Canada's favorite guessing games. The answer is too easy unless they realize that Quebec holds the key to their future and that their case is hopeless until they persuade this province to change its voting formula. To do so they must convince French Canada that they understand and genuinely respect the *Canadien* point of view. Perhaps their only hope is to choose a *Canadien Bleu* as their federal leader. In such an eventuality, they might just possibly crack the solid bloc of Quebec's Liberals in a federal election after Mr. St. Laurent retires.

Anyway, that's why Montreal on election day lacked even the mild excitement enjoyed by Toronto, where individual Conservatives seemed to put up a good fight. So far as we were concerned, the election was pointless. We knew that Mr. St. Laurent was as safe as Casey Stengel were his Yankees up against the Hackensack fire brigade in a title series.

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Books

A Chapter in Literary History

THIS IS NOT a review of any one book, but the summary of a situation, a trend now passing—an amplification of the term "timid academicism" that I applied a while ago to the work of a large group of poets and critics at work in the United States.

The disintegration of the arts began in Europe toward the end of the last century and in America at about the time of the First World War. So-called Modernism may range in its manifestations from complete abstractionism to the most painstaking images, but throughout its entire dispersion it has one general basis: the aesthetes' doctrine of Art for Art's sake. The corollary of this doctrine is the notion that the artist is a kind of initiate or mage and that he should hold in disdain the thought of addressing more than a few disciples. Again, it follows that direct communication in art must diminish to the vanishing point. This phenomenon in art and poetry is not new; we have its counterparts in the abracadabrists who haunted the Alexandrian Library and, some centuries later, flourished in Byzantium.

Just as the passing of a legitimate monarchy makes way for an illegitimate dictator, so the revolt against traditional form eventually breeds its own formalisms, much more repressive than those they supplanted. The metric of any language has evolved in accordance with phonetics, and no poet who has really mastered a traditional technique ever looked for a substitute for it. Without going into the principle of "cadenced" verse that developed from "free" verse and was the main vehicle of the Imagist school around 1915, we may point out that it is a far more artificial and pedantic form than the strictest metre. It is as though people took away the banks of a river, then, finding the result to be mere swamp, rechannelled the waters into irrigation ditches, which were difficult to dig, even more so to maintain, and, finally, were unrelated to the natural watercourse.

Since poetry and criticism are so entwined at present, we must point out that a parallel to the academicism of modern poetry is visible in the new criticism, which abandons traditional scholarship in favor of a pedantry of its own.

Revolt against poetic tradition always attacks the outer forms first, but its more lasting effect is on communication. Amy Lowell and her imagists who initiated the attack on the fancied Bastille of prosody, are already archaic and unreadable. But the influence of Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot, the emergence of which may be set with the publication of *The Waste Land* in 1922, is more significant than the decapitation of the iambic foot. *The Waste Land* has served as a kind of Old Testament for the neo-aesthetes during the past thirty years; their New Testament has been Mr. Eliot's *Four Quartets,* the Oriental quality of which has evoked almost as much popularity as Kahlil Gibran's *The Prophet,* which it greatly resembles.

Whether Mr. Eliot's influence has been beneficial or damaging to the art of poetry remains, in spite of efforts to close it, an open question. Certainly the poet and his work are held in an awe that makes a lack of admiration seem heretical, and his influence, though waning, has been huge.

The Waste Land was a postwar confession of inability to accept a part in the reconstruction of a world too repellent to be worth salvaging. Part of a general drift into despair, like the Spenglerian theory of history, the diffusion of Freudian materialism, and the Marxian hypnosis, it offered indirectly to sensitive minds one door of escape: the contemplation of the past. Drawing the curtains against a landscape too hideous for notation except by ironic satire, the poet immured himself in his library and private chapel.

IN THE 1920's, a small group of Southern poets calling themselves The Fugitives were also seeking an escape. There were perhaps a dozen in the group, the most important of whom were John Crowe Ransom and Allen Tate. Mr. Ransom's poetry was admired, and few have been unkind about Mr. Tate's. The Fugitives' first concept was a genteel agrarianism, not so unlike the "Pantisocracy" that a century and a half earlier had engaged the imagination of Coleridge and Southey. The limitation to the dream was a lack of experience in practical agriculture. The group produced a Manifesto, in which they took their stand, some rather brittle poetry, and then reached a dead end. Where to turn? About 1930 they enlisted under the banner of Mr. Eliot and switched from poetry to criticism.

It was, I believe, Mr. Ransom who called this group the "new" critics. Today it is almost as hard to find a professed new critic as a card-carrying Communist. The group boggled at the label especially when they were attacked; then they would scatter, and, as independent individuals, bring in a verdict in favor of the group. The label, however, has become general for a revived aestheticism together with a critical jargon reminiscent of a minstrel show.

Through the issues of December, 1948, and January and February, 1949, Chicago's *Poetry* magazine, in all seriousness, published a "Glossary of the New Criticism," which I fervently urge all readers to get hold of and examine for themselves.

Though Mr. Eliot's poetry and criticism were the gospel for the new critics, he can be held only indirectly responsible for the extremes of pedantry to which they went. It is not an exact scholarship—far from it. Perhaps wisely, the new critics isolate a poem without reference to its historical background. Symbolism and irony are sought after both in composition and interpretation. The result is a studied obscurity in production and appraisal. Meaning, direct communication, is eschewed in favor of oblique suggestions through irony, symbol, and literary reference. The result may be explained by the reader in any way he chooses. Romanticism can go no further.

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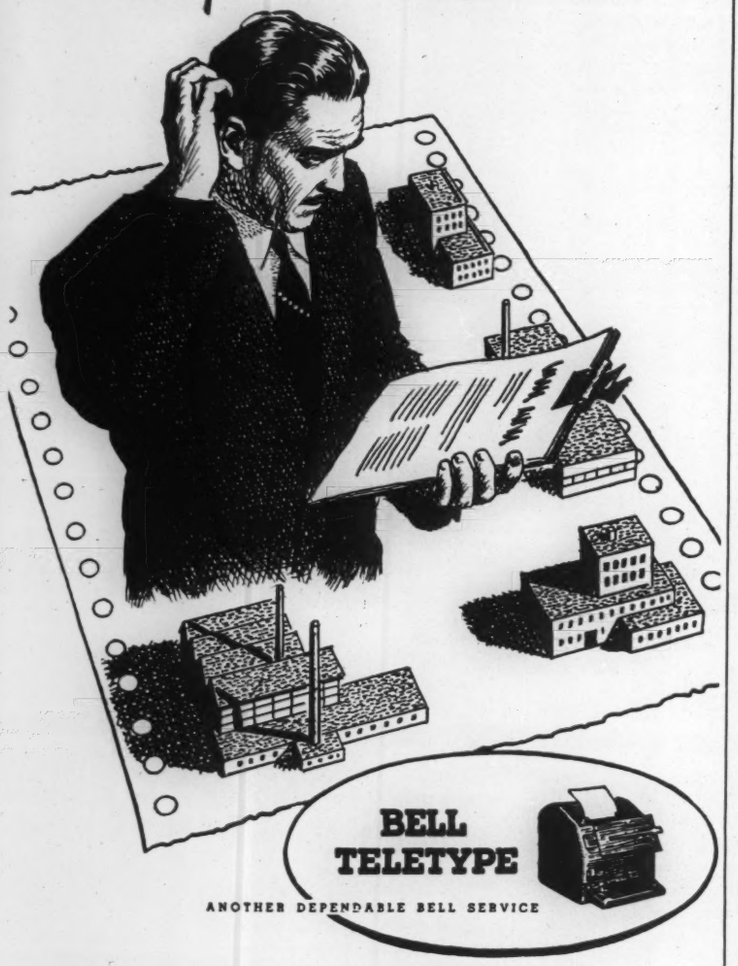

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certain established poets, such as Archibald MacLeish and Conrad Aiken, who were shaped by Mr. Eliot's influence. They also recruited scores of impressionable or opportunistic younger writers, many of them teachers in schools and colleges. Pedagogy has supplied the neo-aesthetes with their main lever for propaganda. For example, Mr. Ransom teaches at Kenyon College, whence issues *The Kenyon Review*, a critical quarterly underwritten by the Rockefeller Foundation. Cleanth Brooks Jr. is at Yale, Mr. Tate at Minnesota, Richard Blackmur at Princeton, and so on. "Stratagem" was a word in high favor in the early days of the new criticism; everything was a stratagem, from the turning of a phrase to the dissemination of the highest opinion of Ezra Pound. We must confess that stratagems served the group well. They were able, and, to an extent, still are, to swing public opinion for or against a particular book or author by team work that reached into the columns of the metropolitan book sections. The momentum gained by their preferences has of late relieved them from exertion. Thousands of women who never heard of the new criticism poured out from the theatre after a performance of *The Cocktail Party* in ecstatic bewilderment. Such was the magic in Mr. Eliot's name, and—it must be added—the skill of the presentation, that, although George Jean Nathan and John Mason Brown might growl in the background, this nonsensical play became a one year's masterpiece.

The timid academicism of much American poetry is the result not only of the standards but also the practical politics of a group that, until very recently, almost controlled our taste in poetry. They failed, however, to gain the allegiance of any major figure. Edwin Arlington Robinson in his best but neglected work, *Amaranth*, made fun of them in the character of Pink the Poet. Mr. Frost paid for his aloofness by being made the object of a strangely injudicious attack by Yvor Winters in the pages of the *Sewanee Review*. Among the younger poets, Peter Viereck took his life in his hands and defied them, and he seems to have survived. In fact, the generation now coming to the fore is shaking itself free. For twenty years the aesthetes have been in the saddle, but Pegasus is stretching, yawning, and—can it be horse laughter?

It is time to choose an epitaph for the new criticism. Dryden's well-known lines (long out of copyright) will do:

All, all of a piece throughout:
Thy chase had a beast in view,
Thy wars brought nothing about,
Thy lovers were all untrue.
'Tis well an old age is out,
And time to begin a new.

ROBERT HILLYER

(Robert Hillyer, whose own volume of poetry is in the tradition of romanticism, has been one of the most outspoken critics of obscurity and formlessness in writing. His Collected Verse won the Pulitzer Prize in 1934. He has been a professor at Harvard University since 1919.)

In Brief

THE LIGHT IN THE FOREST—by Conrad Richter—pp. 179—McClelland & Stewart—$2.75.

When John Butler was a four-year-old Colonial child in the mid-eighteenth century, he was captured by Delaware Indians and raised and loved by them as their own. Eleven years later, under a truce, he was forced to return to his white parents, to the confinement of clothes and rooms and the restrictions of a people he had been taught to fear and hate. The effect on the boy's mind, his growing consciousness of divided loyalties and changing concepts of justice and right, form the substance of the book.

The harsh subject is relieved by the pervasive freshness of river and forest; the author is that rare individual—a lover of nature who writes about it with style and restraint. This is a fine short novel that can be enjoyed by all ages.

SOUTH TO SICILY—by Sean O'Faolain—pp. 223 illustrated with photographs—Collins—$3.25.

This is a book about travel, but in no sense a tripper's guide to restaurants and tipping. O'Faolain is a true traveller who does not merely look but searches, seeking the combinations of nature and tradition that have produced the thing that interests him, and seeing man everywhere affected by antiquity. Wandering over the heel and toe of Italy and on to Sicily, he visits both likely and unlikely spots which dispose him to discuss architecture, Frederick II, the Mafia and present-day politics, and to evoke palace and vineyard, the egregious smell of a Neapolitan slum, "Gothic vertigo". "No traveller," he says, "can abstract his thoughts for long from the acuity of the human problems of these places." The former Irish expatriate is deeply concerned with the trials of both Calabrian peasant, frightened and doubtful of his new status as a landowner (land is being divided and given to the peasantry), and of "the most putrefied upper class in all Europe."

Meatier than most travel books, and lightly sauced with Irish wit.

THE PASSIONATE YEARS—by Caresse Crosby—pp. 342 illustrated with photographs, mostly of the author—Longmans, Green—$6.00.

The autobiography of Polly Jacob, reared in New York and Maine wealth and first married to a Peabody of Boston. The "years" of the title are those of the '20's she spent in Paris and at their Ermenonville home, *le Moulin*, with second husband Harry Crosby. With him she joined the group of escapists, wrote surrealist poetry, quarrelled, loved, gave fabulous Pompeian parties and founded the Black Sun Press.

Mrs. Crosby (Caresse is a chosen name of erotic implication, picked to make an acrostic with HARRY) was surrounded from babyhood with quality in things and people; one of the results is her superb taste for words, which she handles with joy and re-

spect. What she says with them is another matter.

The first part of her book, describing her childhood and youth, has a charming veracity and possesses substance and value as a picture of a segment of American society of the period 1900-20. The remainder is unsatisfactory either as a story of a life or as the history of an epoch. The Crosbys, through their rich American connection and as publishers of some of the most important writers and artists of the time, knew the *jeunesse dorée and douée* of two continents. But the author manages to give to two-thirds of her book little more depth than a social column. Even the many anecdotes about Ezra Pound, James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence or the Dalis, entertaining though they are, do not destroy the over-all impression of cocktail party chatter.

A few years ago, referring to a Black Sun special edition of Hemingway's *In Our Time*, a Paris newspaper announced "Caresse Crosby has invented the brassiere and Hemingway". She did not invent Hemingway, but she did patent the brassiere, an achievement which, for its effect on the shape of society, must be considered creditable, and which some philistines may even think her most important contribution to the world.

The Passionate Years should be an exciting book for would-be bohemians and for all those to whom intimate allusions to the great and near-great or the life of certain faubourgs of Paris seem delicious. A conformist bourgeois, who probably expects an autobiography either to entertain him greatly or to illuminate the dark corners of the human heart, may be forgiven for taking a long look at the six-dollar price tag on this one.

THE LAUGHING STRANGER—by Vina Delmar —pp. 250—McLeod—$3.50.

A writer of popular fiction gives her first historical novel a Civil War setting. Elizabeth Carpenter, crippled daughter of a well-to-do New York lawyer, tells the story of her tragic family — her brilliant, withdrawn father, her brother whose mind is warped by memories of the slaughter at Fredericksburg, and their grim, uncharitable chatelaine, Aunt Laurel. Into this atmosphere heavy with threats of disaster comes Brandon, a wildly beautiful stranger from the rebel South, who brings the already simmering plot to a full rolling boil.

Miss Delmar is no darling of the critics, but there is much to be said for anyone who can spin a good yarn, and she does just that; gets on with the story without letting subtleties of style or characterization obscure its bold lines. The result in this case is melodramatic hokum. When well done what is more diverting?

HELPING YOUR HEART—by Emanuel Goldberger, M.D.—pp. 234 and index—Longmans, Green—$4.25.

Information for anyone wondering about heart disease, given in four parts: what the patient wants to know and how he feels, how he looks to the physician, common cardiac ills, and what to do about them. The doctor takes a jocular tone (some chapter headings are "A Stroke By Any Other Name" and "Wine, Women, Song and Angina"), but his explanations are clear, comprehensive and easy to read. A helpful book, written without clinical double-talk.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS—by Howard Mumford Jones—pp. 165—Saunders—$4.75.

Samuel Johnson defined happiness as felicity and felicity as happiness; less evasive men from Philo Judaeus to eighteenth century *philosophes* have been trying to define what, according to the Bill of Rights, all Americans have a right to pursue. The author, a widely-known literary critic and historian, here pursues their definitions. Beginning with happiness as determined by courts (he cites cases), he traces it through the centuries where he finds it variously equated with public welfare, fulfilment of function, resignation, economic success, and, as of 1953, "adjustment".

A stimulating book, scholarly without being either abstruse or dull, amusing and interesting to read; a compilation of the Cook Foundation lectures the author recently delivered at the University of Michigan.

THE LEDGER IS KEPT—by Raymond Postgate —pp. 223—Michael Joseph—$2.75.

Maverick, of the Ministry of Supply, is on his way to the Chellerton out-station, where atomic isotopes are produced, to pay what he expects to be a routine visit, chiefly with a scientist he had known as a student at Oxford. Opposite him in the carriage is

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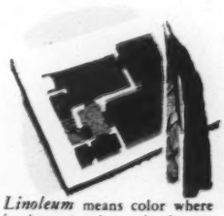

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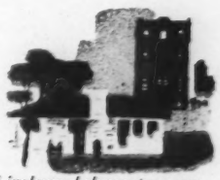

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R. M. T.

THE PECKING ORDER—by Mark Kennedy—pp. 278—*Reginald Saunders*—$4.50.

A day in the life of a Negro boy in Chicago, running wild with his companions. Brilliantly written. The dialogue suggests the inflection of the Negro voice as well as the idiom of Negro speech. The subject is a morbid piece of child-psychology which will interest those who read novels for more than diversion. M. A. H.

THE ELIZABETHAN WOMAN—by Carrol Camden—pp. 271, with 30 pp. of notes and an index—illustrated with plates and woodcuts—*Burns & MacEachern*—$5.50.

In all ages a staggering amount of nonsense has been spoken and written about women; it is only in comparatively recent times, however, that women themselves have joined in this clamor. In the age of the first Elizabeth comment upon women was almost wholly the work of men, and heavy work they made of it. In *The Elizabethan Woman* an American scholar, Professor Carroll Camden, has gathered together a great amount of curious, learned and sometimes elaborately silly opinion on his subject from the works of Elizabethan men. John Wing, in *The Crowne Coniugall* gives his judgment that all that there is to be said about women may be gathered under three headings—Mystical, Natural and Matrimonial; without clinging too closely to this scheme Mr. Camden gives us a picture of the Elizabethan woman that is at once amusing and scholarly.

The author is of the opinion that the differences between the Elizabethan woman and her mediaeval grandmother are attributable in chief to the Renaissance and the rise of the middle class. Undoubtedly this is true, but we may question whether it is the whole truth. The Elizabethan woman continually astonished her father, her lover and her husband; her improved education, her escape from the low esteem in which mediaeval theology kept her, the example of a sovereign woman to whom men must bow the knee all gave her a new certainty in her dealings with men; but have not women always been astonishing men?

First-rate feminine minds are by no means uncommon but the impact of such a mind—fresh, intuitive and realistic—on the more cumbrous male intellect usually creates astonishment. The Elizabethan woman spoke her mind more freely than her grandmother: we need not therefore assume that she thought more wisely than her grandmother, or less wisely than her daughters of today.

This is a book of rich interest, handsomely produced and pleasingly written. Little in it will be completely new to readers who have made a study of the Elizabethan age, but the focus of the book and its completeness give it a special value. The Elizabethan woman was an alert, pragmatic and ingenious woman. And what is more interesting than that? R. D.

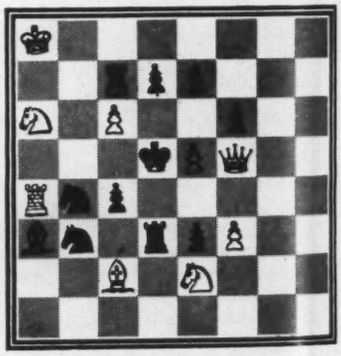
Chess Problem

ONE OF THE GREAT moments in two-move problem progression, was the achievement in 1920, jointly by A. J. Fink of San Francisco and Ua Tane of Tahiti, of the maximum of eight self-blocks. Prior to 1919 there existed only one cumbersome two-mover with seven self-blocks, by F. Gamage of the U.S.A. With the field for exploration open to Good Companions composers, they produced some highly interesting positions, culminating in the maximum one, which astonishingly is a mutate with a familiar classic key.

Still more amazing was Ua Tane's belief that the position is of supernatural origin. The story goes that after making several seven-blockers, he figured eight possible and wrote to Fink. The maximum position came to Fink in a dream, but without an orthodox key. When this imperfect version reached Ua Tane, he studied it carefully, and next night he hit on the key, also in a dream! At least the problem is proof enough that someone was "inspired".

Problem No. 29, by A. J. Fink and Ua Tane

Black—Nine Pieces.



White—Eleven Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

Eight self-blocks were also achieved by R. Olsson in 1934, all working in a threat problem. Unfortunately the key takes a flight:

White: K on KR2; Q on KR4; R on QB6; B on Q2; Kts on QR3 and K1; Ps on QB4, QB5 and K4. Black: K on Q5; Rs on QKt5 and K1; B on K7; Kts on QR5 and QB8; Ps on Q3, KB2, KB6 and KR3. Mate in two.

The key-move is 1.Q-B4, threatening 2.P-K5 mate.

Solution of Problem No. 28

1.K-R4, KtxP; 2.Kt-K3ch, etc. 1.K-R4, Kt-Q1 or K2; 2.K-Kt3, etc. 1.K-R4, Kt-K4; 2.Kt-K3ch, etc. 1.K-R4, Kt-R4; 2.Kt-K6, etc. 1.K-R4, PxP; 2.Kt-Q7, etc. 1.K-R4, Kt-Kt5; 2.KxKt, etc.

"CENTAUR"

Business

The Marriage of M-H and Ferguson

By W. P. SNEAD

THE RECENT announcement that Massey-Harris would merge with the Harry Ferguson Companies of England came as a complete surprise to the investment world, which is usually well supplied with rumors of impending changes, and has evoked a torrent of comment and surmise on a proposal which will be submitted to Massey-Harris stockholders for approval soon.

The surprise was more complete because of the evident downtrend in farm implement sales on this continent. After a decade of farm prosperity unequalled in history, during which American farmers from 1942 to 1952 bought $17.9 billion of farm equipment, $2.6 billion in 1952 alone, drought, crop surpluses and declining prices for farm products have combined to cut sales of farm equipment by 15 to 30 per cent.

Production cut-backs have affected all manufacturers from the giant International Harvester, which supplies about 25 per cent of the market, to parts suppliers like Timken Roller Bearing. International Harvester has cut production at all but two of its 19 plants. Their farm implement and tractor plants have been especially hard hit by the drop in farmers' buying power. This has led to slow sales and rather excessive inventories. Massey-Harris reported recently that volume was running about 15 per cent under levels of a year ago.

Viewed against this background, the proposed merger seems worthy of more than a little conjecture. What are the advantages to both sides? To find some clues, let us examine the history, the recent sales records and balance sheets of both companies.

The Ferguson Tractor was the brain child of Harry W. Ferguson, the Irish inventor who started a revolution in the farm implement business. Born 68 years ago in Ulster, he effectively combined his interest in machines with his father's love for the land. In 1900 he opened a car sales agency and repair shop in Belfast. In 1911, he and several associates took over an automobile agency in Ireland that became the country's largest.

In World War I, Ferguson was assigned by the British Government to oversee the use of tractors in Northern Ireland. From the observations he made then of the faults of the inefficient machines of that day, he developed the Ferguson system which made tractor and implement a unit. This machine was manufactured by the Ford Motor Company from 1939 to 1947 under the famous handshake agreement between Ferguson and Henry Ford, which made Ferguson the only partner Ford had ever had after he gained full control of the Ford Motor Company.

This alliance was broken in 1947 and was followed by the $341,600,000 patent infringement suit brought by Ferguson against Ford and other defendants. The suit was settled on April 9, 1952. The Ferguson interests were awarded $9,250,000 in a consent judgment against Ford and Dearborn Motors.

In 1946 the Ferguson organization, with Ford manufacturing facilities, was selling 27 per cent of the tractors of less than 30 hp. in America. The break occurred in November, 1946, when the Ford Motor Company advised Ferguson that it would stop making the Ferguson tractor. In June of 1947 production ended and Ford, through its subsidiary, the Dearborn Motor Company, continued independent manufacture. Ferguson claimed that Henry Ford II demanded 70 per cent control in 1946 and that Ford, from 1947 to 1950, made $40 million profit out of its own Dearborn Motors operation. Henry Ford II, in rebuttal, said the Ford-Ferguson relationship had cost Ford $25 million, had made Ferguson a multi-millionaire and, as the agreement could be broken by either party at will, Ford had terminated it. After the court decision, the Ford Company stated that the judgment would not affect any Ford tractors now in use or any current model 8-N that the Ford Company continued to produce. The changes, along with other improvements, would be incorporated in 1953 Model tractors.

At last report, Ferguson, as chairman and president of Harry Ferguson Incorporated, controlled H. Ferguson Holding Limited by his ownership of 22,352 shares (94 per cent) of the 5 per cent second preferred stock and 619,400 shares (72 per cent) of the common stock.

Net sales increased from $32,550,739 in 1949, when a deficit of $368,251 was incurred, to $70,967,337 in 1952, when net income was $4,009,859. The latter figure included a nonrecurring credit of $4,519,620 from litigation, so that net income without this was estimated at $1,185,114. It is evident therefore that the operation was not very profitable.

Out of each $100 of sales, the company had a net income of 72 cents in 1950, 61 cents in 1951 and $1.66 in 1952. By comparison, Massey-Harris had $9.10, $6.60 and $4.80, and International Harvester $7.10, $4.90 and $4.60.

It is evident from the 1951 balance sheet of the American Company that serious difficulties were being encountered. Current assets stood at $12,142,927 of which $10,337,110 were inventory. Working capital stood at $6,201,708 which, by the excess of inventory over working capital from the accepted safe ratio of one to one, showed the company was in rather a precarious position. The credit of $4,519,620 placed the company on a much sounder footing, as the balance sheet shows cash increased to $2,385,027 and U.S. government securities at $4,485,880. This brought working capital up to $10,443,632 and achieved a balance with the inventory of $10,089,654.

It is evident from the financial reports that the company is operating on a very thin margin of profit. This was due to the fact that the company had very little production facilities of its own and all components had to be manufactured by numerous suppliers. It had only 778 employees.

Miller Services

HARRY W. FERGUSON

Let us now look at the Massey-Harris operation. Massey-Harris is one of Canada's oldest firms. The Massey firm was begun by H. A. Massey in 1847 at Newcastle, Ontario; A. Harris, Son & Company was organized at Beamsville, Ont., in 1857.

John Steele

JAMES S. DUNCAN

These merged in 1891, and since then Massey-Harris has grown to be one of the largest farm implement companies in the world.

A glance through the annual reports of Massey-Harris shows that since 1950 net sales have increased from $164,128,198 in 1950, to $197,362,551 in 1951 and $224,806,540 in 1952. However the net profit dipped from $15,015,803 in 1950 to $13,103,721 in 1951 and $10,868,600 last year. Inventory has grown from $53,670,428 in 1950 to $80,232,309 in 1951 and to $83,286,370 in 1952. Working capital has kept pace, increasing from $83,366,640 in 1950 to $101,598,515 in 1952.

Working capital has been increased mainly by additions to the funded debt, of which the most recent was a $5 million, 20-year 4 per cent note issue, due Mar. 1, 1973.

For more than a decade, James S. Duncan, first as President and later as Board Chairman, has done much to add to the stature of the Massey-Harris Company, and he has increased it still more with this latest merger.

While there are many details lacking in the proposal to merge the two companies, there appear to be considerable advantages to both sides. For Ferguson, it means he will be the largest single shareholder in Massey-Harris-Ferguson with 1,805,055 shares at an approximate price of $8.

With equipment sales apparently on the downward side, as the farm cycle continues in its declining phase, it is evident that the Ferguson Company is not in the strongest financial position to withstand the pressures of intensive competition for the available markets. Production is now rated at about 100 units per day, as compared with 300 per day during part of 1952. This drop is partly due to the loss of manufacturing facilities and sales outlets which had formerly been provided by the Ford Company.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

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Shell Oil

AFTER READING *your article on the Royal Dutch/Shell Group I have become very interested in this stock. Would you explain what foreign withholding taxes a Canadian must pay and what currency dividends are paid in? Also, what difference in yield is there between the Shell Oil stock listed in New York and Royal Dutch shares? My broker thinks the listed Shell stock is the better one to buy.—C. B. S., Vancouver.*

The shares of Royal Dutch, which represent a 60 per cent interest in the Group's holdings, are traded "over the counter" by a number of New York houses. The New York, or sub-shares, are issued by the Chase National Bank there and dividends are paid in U.S. currency by them.

As the head office of the company is in Holland, the 15 per cent withholding tax is the only one to be paid. This, depending upon your income tax status, may be reclaimed, as you will see upon study of an income tax form.

Shell Oil is currently selling at 76 on the "big board". At this price the yield from the $3.00 dividend is 3.9 per cent. Royal Dutch is quoted at 29½-30¾ and the yield on last year's dividend of $1.70 is 5.6 per cent.

As each share of Royal Dutch is equivalent to approximately 1/5 of a share of Shell Oil of America, or roughly $15 at present market, and has a higher yield, there seems to be little ground for argument as to which stock to hold. If $15 of the present price of Royal Dutch is represented by the interest in Shell of America, then a lot of assets and earning power can be bought very cheaply with the balance of the price.

Wilrich Petroleums

WOULD YOU *give me your opinion of Wilrich Petroleums Ltd., as a speculation at current price around 50 cents?—J. S., Toronto*

From current market action Wilrich does not appear to be too attractive as a speculation here. With heavy supply evident above 60 cents only a limited advance seems possible at the present time.

Wood Alexander

PLEASE GIVE *me your opinion on Wood Alexander Ltd. What are the prospects of this company? Would you advise buying it now? Do you consider it a "growth" stock?—J. J., Niagara Falls, Ont.*

Wood Alexander is primarily a wholesaler of heavy hardware for industrial, public utility and lumber camp use. In addition, a complete line of items for supplying the retail hardware trade is carried.

As the hardware business tends to be a localized affair and is greatly dependent upon the levels of construction and heavy industry activity, the prospects for this company appear rather limited both as to "growth" and earning power. Gross sales have held it in the five to seven million dollar range since 1948.

The stock has reflected this by staying in a narrow range between 5 and 7½ since it was listed in May of 1952 and it is currently quoted at 5¾. As earnings per share dipped from $1.34 in 1951 to $0.99 in 1952 and could decline further, the stock does not appear too attractive for investment at the present time.

Cavalcade Petroleum

I WOULD *appreciate any information concerning Cavalcade Petroleums Ltd. as to the worth of the stock and any recent activity of consequence.—T. L. H., Detroit, Mich.*

At last report, Cavalcade had not engaged in any drilling activities since 1951. The company holds 3,200 acres in the Dina area of Alberta and has a 20% interest in 30,000 acres in western Saskatchewan. One well was completed at Dulwich in 1949 and an interest is held in one well at Leduc.

As the stock is presently quoted "no bid", it does not appear to have a very promising future.

Bar-Lan Gold

WOULD YOU *offer an opinion on Bar-Lan Gold Mines Ltd.? What are the prospects?—M. J. S., Dorval, Que.*

At last report, Bar-Lan had extended its property claims in the Bathurst area of New Brunswick by the addition of 30 claims. This report coincided with the approval of the Ontario Securities Commission of an underwriting agreement whereby 200,000 shares were sold at 10 cents and four blocks of 200,000 were optioned at 10, 15, 20, and 25 cents, payable $5,000 monthly.

Barring any surprising news from the properties, the principal motive power for an advance in the stock, if and when applied, would seem to be the efforts of the underwriters to market stock.

It is difficult to be optimistic about the chances of a small company making good, the odds being about 800 to one. The taking of small but quick profits, if available, is advised.

Bickle-Seagrave

I HOLD *$2,000 of bonds and 1,500 shares of common stock, at about $2 a share, in Bickle-Seagrave Ltd. I would appreciate your frank opinion of this company.—L. A. T., London, Ont.*

The present price of $1 is an indication of the rather difficult financial position the company's balance sheet shows. While net earnings declined in 1952 to $137,696 from the $175,943 of 1951, net profits were down to

$15,798 from the $64,006 earned in 1951. The increase in depreciation charges, as a result of the new buildings that lifted fixed assets from $311,349 to $991,835, was a major factor in the reduction of net profits.

The decline in working capital from $142,421 to $33,980, while inventories increased to $832,639, is a definite measure of how difficult the financial position is. Inventory should never be greater than working capital. As is evident here, with a bank loan of $651,568, operations are financed by borrowed money.

Unless the sales of the company's fire equipment have expanded very considerably this year, and the evident imbalance in the financial ratios has been corrected, it would appear that the company is heading for a reorganization. With bank loans, bonds and preferred stock all ahead of the common, the common shareholder's equity in a possible reorganization would be slight.

Disposal of your holdings is recommended.

Tungsten of B. C.

I WOULD APPRECIATE *your opinion of Tungsten of British Columbia Ltd., now quoted at 20 cents on the Vancouver Exchange. Would you consider it a good long term buy?—G. I., Vancouver.*

Now that an uneasy peace has settled on Korea, the prospects of both a lowered demand for tungsten and the resumption of shipments of tungsten from Asia darken the outlook for high cost Canadian producers. With this company still in the development stage, and mining stocks very hard to market, it appears that adequate financing to develop the properties to a level where good tonnages can be mined will be very difficult to obtain.

All of these factors are reflected in the present quotations, which are close to the low of 17 marked on the drop from 95. Purchase is not advised.

Lakeshore Mines

MY SISTER *has a few hundred shares of Lakeshore Mines. We would like to know what the prospects are. When she acquired them, the stock was selling at 10. It is now quoted at 6.45. We would be obliged for some information on her holding. —Mrs. J. L. W., Ottawa.*

The problems of the gold mining industry are again fully illustrated by the operations of Lakeshore. The six months' report on operations for the first half of this year shows that the mine produced gold to the value of $1,605,928 to earn a net profit of $173,204, or 8.5 cents per share.

This compares rather sadly with the pre-war production peak in 1934 when gold production was valued at $16,382,274 and a dividend of $3.00 was paid.

More than anything these figures show that gold mining is a depression business and the only foreseeable hope for the mines resuming really profitable operations lies in a general business recession. With the price of gold fixed, only a reduction in the price of labor and supplies can expand the present slim operating margins.

Lakeshore is an old and deep mine, where mining now has to be done below 6,000 feet, so that rising operating costs are increased by the expense of rock bursts. As the mine still has a long life ahead of it and the conditions are well known, long discounted selling at the present price level hardly seems advisable.

An improvement in earnings is possible and the considerable interests held in western oil development could prove profitable.

Western Potash

FOR SOME TIME *I have considered purchasing shares in Western Potash, thinking that a chemical and fertilizer industry in the west would have fine chances of success. The behavior of the stock on the market indicates that there is not much general confidence in its success. Please advise me of the prospects for the future of Western Potash.—C. McC., London, Ont.*

As was noted in the April 25 issue, when Western Potash was quoted at 1.30, the difficult question to answer was whether the financing arrangements were sufficient to bring the property into production. The difficulties in shaft sinking, which we noted then, have apparently been the chief cause of the decline that has brought the stock to the present quotation of 40-45. No news has been released by the company since last April, but we note that the option due on August 1 called for 400,000 shares to be taken down at 90 cents.

From this it is surmised that the option agreement has not been fulfilled.

If our assumptions are correct, then the company is due for reorganization with the usual rearrangement in share capital. Announcement of such a move would likely drive the price of the present shares down into new low ground. The company still holds prospects of being able to develop the large deposits of potash, which according to the Economic and Planning Board of Saskatchewan are capable of supplying the present needs of Canada, plus substantial quantities for export. Therefore the new shares would seem to be a buy on the market valuation of the exchange.

In Brief

I HAVE *some Pitt Mining Co. shares that I purchased in 1946. What are the prospects?—J. C., Montreal.*

None—Charter cancelled.

CAN YOU *tell me anything about Belcourt Gold Mines?—J. G. R., Valleyfield, Que.*

Company has been inactive for years.

SHOULD I *buy some Eureka Corp. shares as a speculation?—C. M. C., Toronto.*

Why? The mine is full of water.

WHAT SHOULD I DO *with some shares of Fab Metal Mines?—J. A. R., Oshawa.*

Sell them—if you can.

WOULD YOU *recommend the shares of New Redwood Gold Mines as a good speculation?—F. H. B., Toronto.*

No.

The Right Decision

Sometimes investors are content to take a chance when purchasing a new security.

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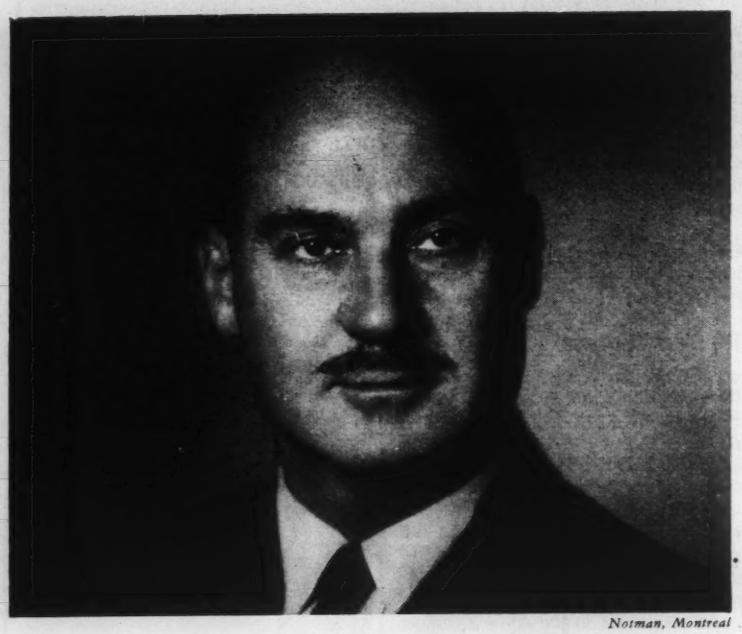
Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines, Limited

DIVIDEND NUMBER 416

A dividend of 6c. per share has been declared by the Directors on the Capital Stock of the Company, payable on the 30th day of September, 1953, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 2nd day of September, 1953.

DATED the 17th day of August, 1953.

P. C. FINLAY,
Secretary.



Notman, Montreal

EDWARD C. WOOD: Raised in Virginia.

Who's Who in Business

IN THE COMFORTABLY furnished bachelor apartment in Montreal's West End which houses E. C. Wood takes on, more often than not, the appearance and functions of a subsidiary office. As President (since 1950) of the Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada Limited, Edward Cabell Wood is at the top of a business which, if only for the taxes it provides, affects every Canadian. Mr. Wood's problems, therefore, are infinite; his work, endless.

From his home it takes him about five minutes to drive a black Cadillac car to the office on busy St. Antoine Street. Sometimes — on week-ends, mostly — he drives in the opposite direction, to play golf or to sail at one of the four or five clubs which number him as a member. He used to be a noted competitor in yacht races, but now confines his activities largely to officiating at regattas.

At 53, Imperial's President is a slender, quiet-spoken man who favors light-colored suits, bow ties and short socks. Ironically, he is a light smoker.

Like so much of the tobacco industry's raw material, Edward Wood was born and raised in Richmond, Virginia, two weeks before the end of the last century. Still in his teens, he went to New York to learn the business side of the industry and in 1921 was sent to China and the Far East. During the next nine years he got home only twice, but the urge to travel had taken hold and it was to Canada, rather than the U.S., that he turned for more experience.

To a man who had made a success of salesmanship in the Orient, Canada presented no insurmountable problems and, by 1932, after a short spell as a cigar salesman in Toronto, followed by about 18 months with the Imperial Tobacco Company, he was appointed Assistant to Imperial's President.

First-hand investigations of Canada while crossing and recrossing it on his firm's business gave him extensive knowledge of the country and its people, so that by 1937, when he became a Canadian citizen, he knew more about his new home than about the country of his birth. It was also in 1937 that he became a director of Imperial, and eight years later he was made a vice-president.

Barely 25 years ago, 90 per cent of the industry's needs were imported; today, with imports negligible, Canadian growers net $50 million annually.

Much of the industry's progress—and, therefore, the country's prosperity—is attributable to men like Edward Wood who was one of those responsible for convincing the Finance Minister this year that lower taxes per package would mean more sales.

Over the years he has been similarly concerned with the problems of other people. Although not a university man, he feels strongly that businessmen and educationists have much to learn from each other, and he is a member of a group called the McGill Associates who get together several times a year to support the University in various ways. He was recently appointed chairman of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce's Executive Council and is this year's Chairman of Montreal's Red Feather campaign. In fact his leisure hours, like the products of his company, have pretty well gone up in smoke.

JOHN WILCOCK

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DIVIDEND NOTICES

PREFERRED STOCK—A Dividend of One and Three-Quarters per cent (1¾%) has been declared on the Preferred Stock of the Company for the quarter ending 30th September, 1953, payable 15th October, 1953 to the shareholders of record 15th September, 1953.

COMMON STOCK — A Dividend of fifteen cents (15c) per share for the quarter ending 30th September, 1953 has been declared on the Common Stock of the Company, payable 1st October, 1953 to shareholders of record 1st September, 1953.

By Order of the Board,
R. D. ARCHIBALD
Secretary.

Montreal, August 19th, 1953.

Johns-Manville Corporation

DIVIDEND

The Board of Directors declared a dividend of 75c per share on the Common Stock payable Sept. 11, 1953, to holders of record Sept. 1, 1953.

ROGER HACKNEY, Treasurer

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Bonds

A Comparison with Common Stocks

THERE HAS GROWN UP in people's minds the idea that whenever they buy a stock they are "investing," and as a result, the distinction between stocks and bonds as media of pure investment is not clearly recognized.

Whether investing or speculating, probably the most important question is how sure a person can be of getting his money back. This safety of principal is not concerned with the possibilities of capital gain nor with the amount of income expected to be earned. It is simply a question of recovery.

A share of stock represents ownership in a company. If, for example, you own one common share of Bell Telephone Company, you are entitled to participate in profits, to vote and to receive your portion of assets, if any, should the company go into liquidation. Your certificate represents only ownership, not a claim on property. There is nothing set forth in this ownership that assures you a full recovery of the principal invested. If the company were liquidated, you might expect to receive only a fraction of the amount originally paid for the share. The only way you can get your money back is by selling your share, and the price you get for it is subject to the fluctuations of the market.

When you buy a bond of the Bell Telephone Company, what you have done is lent money. You have not, as in the case of the common share, acquired any ownership in the company. What you have acquired is a mortgage on the Company's property. Your bond or mortgage is protected by physical assets. You have an actual claim prior to the stockholders on such assets. In the event of liquidation, the face value of your bond must be paid before the stockholders receive one penny.

There is also the matter of surety of income. A common stock dividend is dependent on the company's earnings and is payable at the discretion of the directors. If earnings are insufficient to warrant a dividend, the directors have the right to reduce the amount paid or cut it out entirely. Such action does not put the company in liquidation. Normally in good times high dividends are paid, and in poor times, low dividends or sometimes none at all.

Bonds, on the other hand, bear a fixed rate of interest. In good times the return is exactly the same as in poor times. This rate of interest is fixed at the time of issuance of the bonds and continues until maturity date. If the company gets into difficulties and the bond interest cannot be paid, then at the discretion of the bondholders the company may be forced into liquidation. If such occurs, the principal and interest due the bondholders has to be paid in full from the sale of the assets before the stockholders receive anything.

Since stockholders are taking the risk in the company, their rate of return should in general be higher than that of the bondholder. A careful examination of the security markets today will show this does not always hold true. There are instances where the bondholder is receiving a better income than the stockholder. This apparent imbalance is considered by many as a danger sign for the stock market.

A feeling seems to have grown up that because many Canadian stocks are listed on exchanges, while Canadian bonds are not, stocks are more marketable. This feeling to a degree is true, although it must be remembered that listed stocks are less numerous than unlisted. Although bonds are not listed on exchanges, their marketability is excellent. There is a constant market between banks and investment dealers that closely approximates the actual stock market. The only difference is that only a few of all bonds are quoted in the daily newspapers. Investment dealers, it would seem, should make a point of endeavouring to have a much larger list of bonds quoted in order that investors might be kept in closer touch with actual markets.

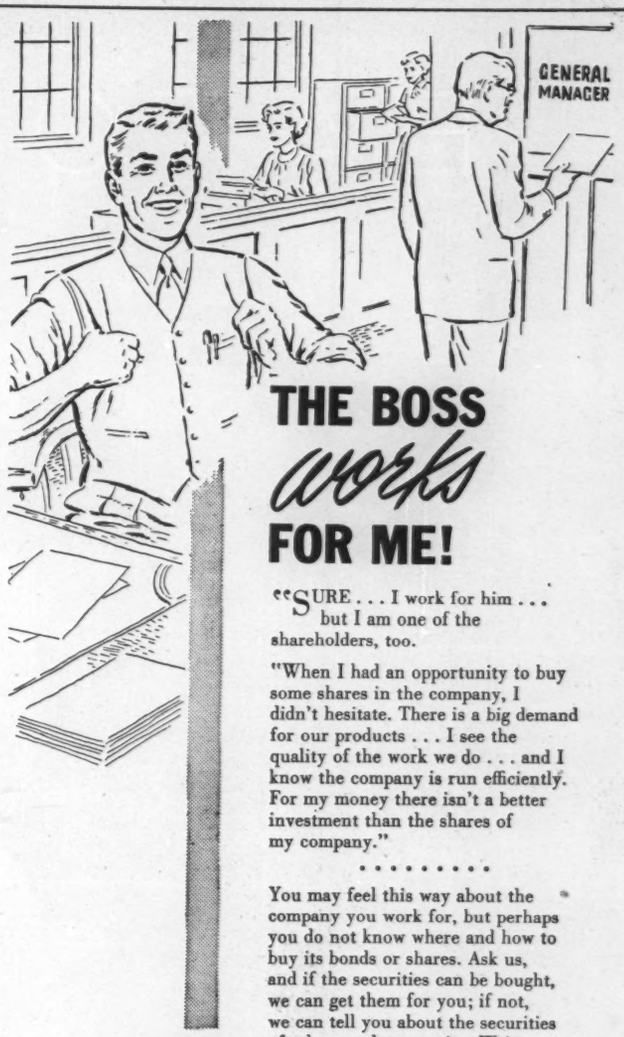
On the other side of the picture is, of course, the fact that bond prices generally do not change to the degree that stock prices fluctuate. Bond investors, too, because their chief interest is safety of principal and income are not concerned with minor changes as their investment is made normally for a period of some duration.

BONDS HAVE an advantage over stocks when used as collateral. Some banks in the last year or so have refused to take stock loans, particularly if such loans were to be used for the purchase of additional stocks. This brings up the very interesting point of the use of convertible bonds as collateral. Such bonds can be an excellent medium of collateral as well as having the play on the stock market.

Another point of interest is the fact that almost all bonds have a definite maturity date. That is, your principal will be returned to you normally at the date stipulated on the bond. A previous article discussed the action of sinking funds that often retire the bond long before the actual due date.

A disadvantage of bonds for the smaller investor is their denomination. Bonds seldom are available in a lesser amount than $500. The word bond normally implies a denomination of $1,000, which is the amount in most common use for trading.

J. ROSS OBORNE



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Massey-Harris Merger

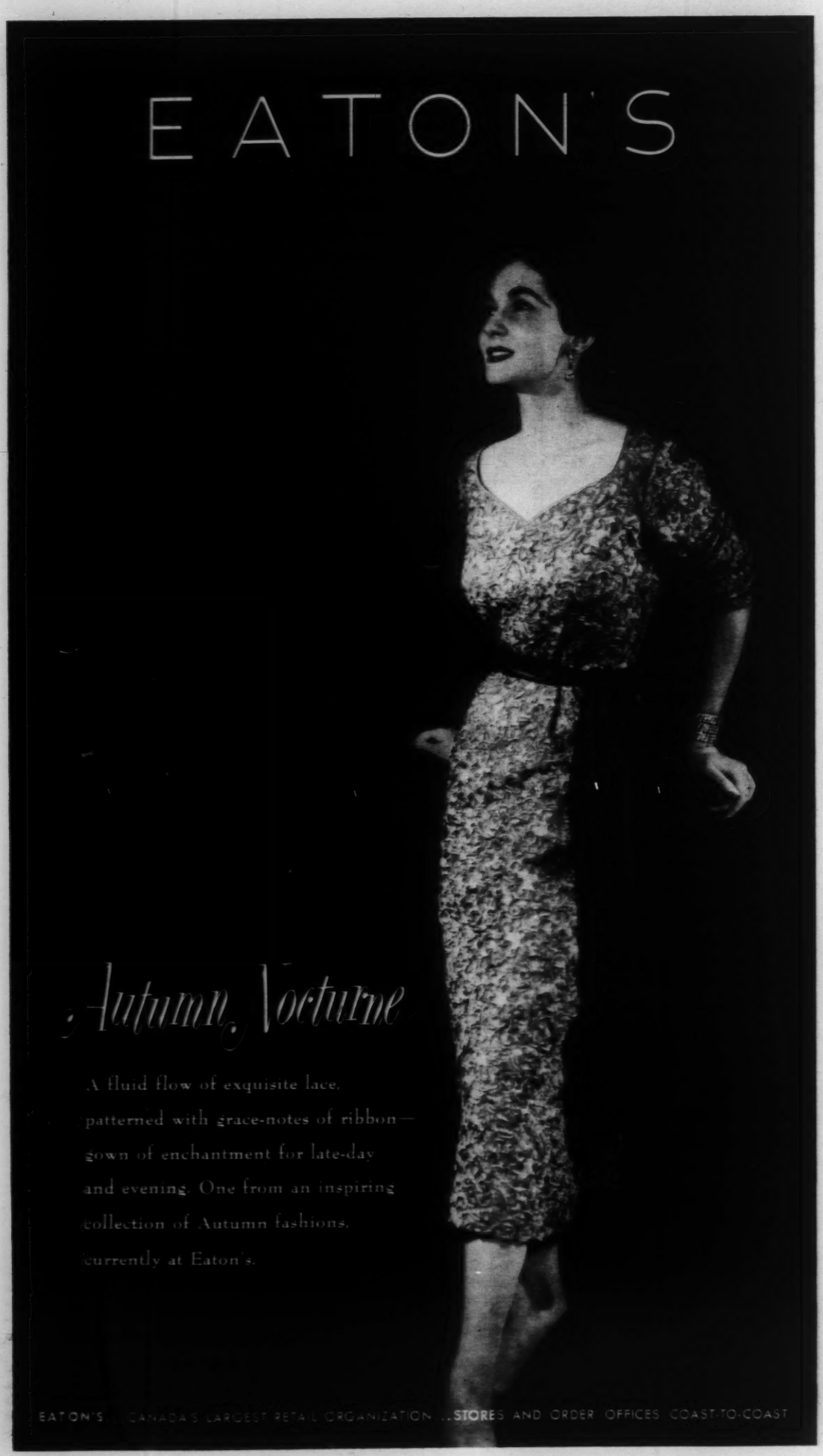
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

With the financial balance redressed by the injection of the proceeds of the litigation with the Ford Company and new designs in process, it presents some interesting possibilities to a firm which can supply the things that Ferguson lacks. Massey-Harris, with its extensive plants and world-wide sales organization, should be able to do this.

For Massey-Harris, the deal seems attractive in two ways. Massey can dispose of 1,805,055 Treasury shares —there are now 7,695,800 shares outstanding—which could not be marketed under the present conditions of the stock market. In exchange, Massey will receive the shares of the Harry Ferguson companies and also their assets, which in the case of Harry Ferguson Inc. will provide cash of $2,385,027 and U.S. government securities of $4,485,880, on the basis of the 1952 balance sheet. Besides these welcome additions to working capital, Massey-Harris will also be able to make better use of its manufacturing facilities, thus combating the rising production costs which have narrowed profit margins. The manufacture of Ferguson equipment will help keep volume above what is evidently a high break-even point.

From the long-term view, and that apparently is a major factor in Massey-Harris thinking, the merger not only promises new material for assaults on the weakening farm equipment market, but also a broader base for operations in the next upswing of the farm cycle.

Thus it appears that the proposed merger is a marriage of convenience in which the disadvantages on both sides are more than outweighed by the inherent advantages of mutual reinforcement.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Fashion

QUITE a number of the fashion houses are using the sheer gauzy material of the Eastern saris in their evening gowns. So it was interesting to see the authentic and beautiful saris worn by the Eastern delegates at the meeting of the Associated Country Women of the World, held recently in Toronto. Begum Hassain Malik, daughter of the Governor-General of Pakistan, was wearing a sari in an odd shade of mustard, gold banded. "A sari is wonderful for packing," she said. "You just fold the six yards." She was flying home via Japan, to see the cottage industries there. Pakistan is just starting these industrial homes.

Begum Mian Aminuddin, wife of the Governor of the Punjab and President of the All-Pakistan Women's Association, wore a handsome white and gold sari. Talking about women's place in the world, she pointed out that we of the West are inclined to overlook the fact that, in Pakistan, women have complete social and political freedom. "We didn't even have to fight for the vote. Our Government just gave it to us. More women voted in the last election than men."

Mrs. Matilda Greiss, from Egypt, was at a party in the wedding dress of her husband's great-grandmother. She wore it, she said, in honor of the country women of her homeland, for it was typical of the peasants' wedding dresses of the time. It was a work of art, one of the most beautiful gowns I have ever seen. It was made of open mesh, with gold staplings hammered into a front panel with a large square set diagonally in the centre. With it she wore a scarf woven in silver filigree. She was also wearing a necklace of amulets that had come from tombs of Cleopatra's time, and a brooch with a scarab that was some 3,500 years old. As a completely modern touch, she wore fragile silver-strap French sandals.

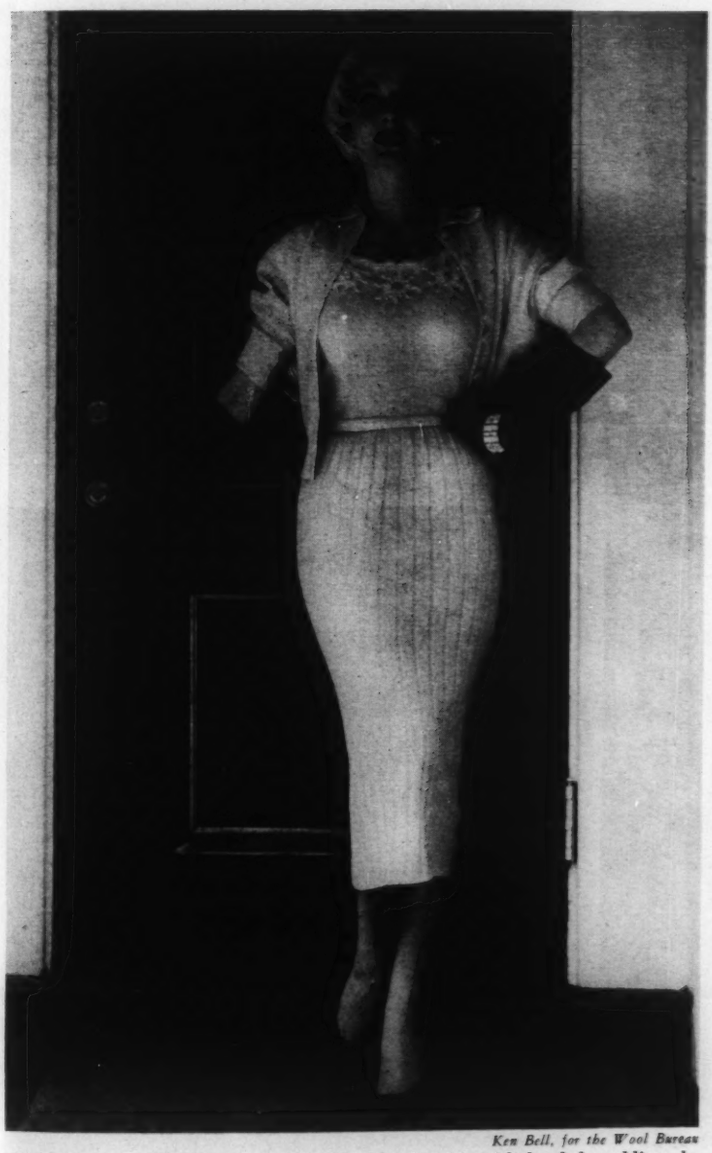
THERE were no Russian women at the Associated Country Women's meeting, but a description of what they are wearing appeared in a recent report by John Gordon of the *Sunday Express*, London, England. First, he pointed out that the Russian women have no style magazines, no fashion advertisements, no movies, to give them any help. In spite of this, he felt they were instinctively dressing a little better than formerly. But the colors and designs would seem crude to us. The tailored suits were very badly made. The popular style is the long jacket, wide padded shoulders and very short skirts. (Obviously this has nothing to do with Dior.)

Costume jewellery is practically non-existent, according to Gordon. He says he did not see more than a dozen women in Russia wearing necklaces, and only a few with earrings.

Hairdressing and beauty shops (State owned, of course) are just beginning to develop. The hairdressing salons are packed all the time—are even open on Sundays; but you cannot make appointments and may have to wait three hours for your turn.

MARGARET NESS

Women



Ken Bell, for the Wool Bureau

COCKTAIL COSTUME in knitted white bouclé, with beaded neckline, by Lady Anne, Toronto. Photographed outside Winston's, the Toronto haunt of theatre stars. Costume, about $69.95, at Simpson's.

Conversation Pieces:

IN VANCOUVER, Canadian Fall fashions are being previewed at the Pacific National Exhibition (Aug. 26 to Sept. 7). Among the clothes being shown there, is the group of wool dresses featured on these pages. The clothes were selected with dining-out occasions in mind, and were photographed against backgrounds of well-known restaurants. Commentator for the fashion show is Joy McGillawee, of the Wool Bureau, Toronto.

At the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, there is the annual fashion show, too, but this year there is a new category—a fashion show for the Big Types, referred to in fashion advertising as "Stylish Stouts". Lillian Foster is the commentator.

Diane Barre, of Montreal, who has won a Quebec provincial scholarship, plans to study French literature at the Sorbonne. She graduated from McGill last Spring.

Back home in Calgary after a year abroad is Betty Mitchell, who teaches drama in that city. She told us the most thrilling theatre she saw was that at the *Palais de Chaillot* in Paris, where director-actor Jean Vilar takes the classics, which *La Comédie-Française* treats traditionally, and presents them with the sweeping costumes and gestures of the 19th century, against symbolic settings and with naturalistic acting. The critics slaughter him and the public flocks to the theatre.

An honorary degree was conferred on Mrs. Fred Drake, of Regina, by St. Francis Xavier University, NS, at a special centenary convocation. Mrs. Drake is the national president of the Catholic Women's League of Canada.

We liked the names of a couple of clubs which helped organize the Square Dance Festival in Vancouver—the "Wagon-Wheelers" and the "Totem Whirlers". Added interest: the hungry dancers and spectators could watch their food being prepared—three BC steers roasting on an open spit.

"Home economics can wait," said blonde 21-year-old Rosemary Henderson, of Winnipeg, who graduated from the University of Manitoba last Spring. "I have to get skating out of my system." And so this week she makes her professional debut at Madison Square Garden, NY, with the Ice Capades. She is understudying the star, Donna Atwood.

Joan Walker, of Kirkland Lake, Ont., has written a book about a northern mining town, called *Pardon My Parka*. It is being run as a serial, beginning in October, by *Canadian Home Journal*, and will appear in time for the Christmas trade in book form, from McClelland & Stewart.

At the Paris fashion showings, Hubert de Givenchy provided a different note. His fall collection was distinctly oriental in motif; his mannequins wore white make-up, and their shoes had turned-up toes.

Weddings: musician June Milburn, daughter of Dr. W. B. Milburn, of Victoria, to Hans Gruber, conductor of the Victoria Symphony Orchestra, son of J. G. Gruber, of Toronto; Frances Mary Dold, of Southern Rhodesia, the former lady-in-waiting to Lady Alexander, to William Herbert Kidd, son of Lt.-Col. Canon W. E. Kidd, MC, of "Fernbank", Brockville, Ont.; Maureen Valerie Berringer, daughter of Mr. O. E. Berringer, to Alan Reed Philp, son of Judge C. B. Philp, both of Winnipeg; Dorothy Edith Fripp, daughter of C. A. Innes Fripp, to John Crosby Collins, son of F. Kay Collins, both of Vancouver.

Wool Dines Out

BLACK *wool crepe, bateau neckline outlined with white velveteen, from Junior Vogue, by Greenhood of Toronto. Posed at Toronto's Sign of the Steer, famous for its steaks. Dress, about $29.95, at Allen Stores.*

COSTUME *of featherweight tweed, with new beading on bodice and jacket collar, by Iseman, Montreal. Photographed outside the Maisonette Carol, which specializes in French cuisine. Costume, about $55, at Simpson's.*

Photographs by Ken Bell, for the Wool Bureau

JERSEY *cocktail ensemble, steel grey with apple green satin lining, by Lew Shedlack, Montreal. Posed at Desjardin's, Montreal, a sea food favorite. Ensemble, about $95, at Creed's.*

SHEER *wool with new faille stand-away-cuff neckline, by Fashion Guild, Montreal. Taken at Little Denmark, Toronto. Dress, about $45, at Northway's.*

THEATRE *coat of polished zibeline, by Mayfair, Montreal. Taken at Drury's, in Montreal, known for its English food. Coat, about $135, at Eaton's.*

SUIT *in grey worsted with over-woven coppertone design, with new deep armholes, by Lou Larry, Toronto. Photographed outside the Hungarian restaurant, Pam-Pam, in Montreal. Suit, about $80, at Eaton's.*

BASIC *dress of grey featherweight wool, with angora trim at the new round neckline, by Klever Klad, Toronto. Posed inside Angelo's, Toronto, famous for its spaghetti. Dress, about $35, at Hudson's Bay.*

SEPARATES *in grey ribbed jersey, with a pimento red design in the skirt and a rhinestone-studded top, by Sportrite Junior, Toronto. Taken on the roof-top terrace of the Park Plaza restaurant, Toronto. Costume, about $35, at Morgan's.*

Hats used, courtesy of Lily Jamon, Toronto

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Food

GOOD NEWS for gourmets is the stepped-up oyster farming program which is being carried on in Prince Edward Island and near Shediac Bay, New Brunswick.

Canada is at the northern limit of the range of the Atlantic oyster, which extends as far south as the Gulf of Mexico. In the southern section, where the water is warm, production is heavy. But north of Boston, practically the only oysters to be found are those in the sheltered waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Growth is slow, though, and reproduction has been uncertain; only half of the year is warm enough for feeding and only a few weeks for spawning. The quality of these oysters, due to the cold Atlantic current, is unexcelled. This, in former years, was responsible for over-exploitation.

We have the recipe for Prince Edward Island fried oysters as they are served at Milton's Old Spain restaurant in Charlottetown, P.E.I. Mrs. Myron C. Bell (her husband's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Milton C. Bell opened the restaurant some 27 years ago) sent it to us.

Fried Oysters
(P.E.I. Style)

Ingredients:

1½ pints oysters
2 eggs
½ tbsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
4 tbsp. milk
4 tbsp. flour
½ cup fine bread crumbs

Drain the oysters. Beat eggs well, add the milk, and beat again. Dip each oyster into the flour, and then dip it into the egg mixture. Finally, dip it *lightly* into the bread crumbs, without pressing them on, so as to keep them fluffy and light. Fry in deep fat, 375° F., for 2½ minutes. This quantity will serve five people.

LILLIAN ENGLAND

• •

Daddy's Gone A-Hunting?

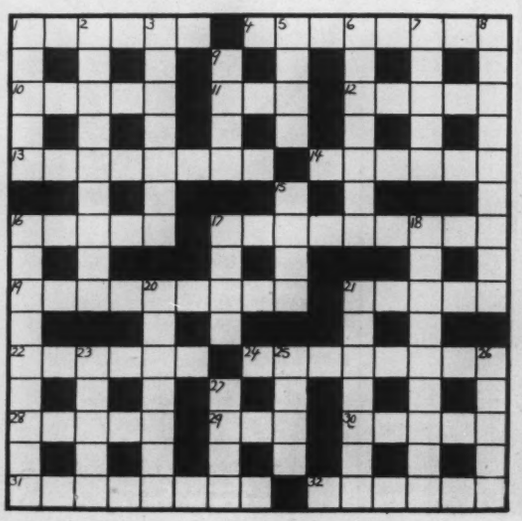
BY LOUIS AND DOROTHY CRERAR

ACROSS

1, 4. See 1 down
10. Was one of them an emblem of the Prince of Wales? (5)
11. Did Humpty-Dumpty turn this white when he fell? (3)
12. Estate for man or woman to divide equally. (5)
13. It's deducted from your yearly earnings. (8)
14, 15, 22. An araneidan was her uninvited guest. (6, 4, 6)
16, 32, 31. The next line suggests a flask of whisky on the hip, perhaps. (4,1,4,2,8)
17. Many Greeks should be taken literally. (3, 6)
19. It took decades to make it. (9)
21. Rhymes with music. (5)
22. See 14.
24. They attract like the devil! (8)
28. It runs up and down the leg. (5)
29. The little pig that went to market? (3)
30. Will someone provide the Fair Johnny with one? (5)
31, 32. See 16 across.

DOWN

1, 1 across, 4. If the parrot did as ordered, there'd be something brewing. (5,3,3,6,2)
2. Performed skulldiggery? How boring! (9)
3. Drench Karenina, perhaps, and get a word of praise. (7)
5. Therefore Mother Goose has to have it! (4)
6. To camp, I go to Mexico. (7)
7. He whose name Wilde made important in Germany? (5)
8. Our equivalent of "in the tree-tops". (9)
9. Mrs. Sprat didn't on this for support. (4)
15. See 14.
16. Inwardly soothing, like drink to money-making concerns. (4, 5)
17. They might get thus, perhaps with mud applications. (4)
18. Like the smell of onions? (9)
20. Dedirt? (7)
21. She should sail through the air with the greatest of ease. (7)
23. Life, in a way, holds an unknown quantity for the cat. (5)
25. Take me up to mother in an Austen! (4)
26. Snuff's going up because of this, no doubt. (5)
27. Smart appearance of an 11 product? (4)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Agog
4. Lydia
7. Kash
9. Diverted
10. Anchor
11, 26. Little by little
12. Chessmen
13. Agonies
15. Pianist
17. Persist
19. Asquint
22. Civil war
24. Spotty
25. Hatter
26. See 11
27. Thor
28. Scant 29. Rash

DOWN

2. Guiding
3. Greetings
4. Lethe
5. Deduce
6. Academies
7. Kicks
8. Showers
14. Eastwards
16. Neuropter
18. Epitaph
20. Nettles 21. Arabia
23. Inter 24. Split

(277)

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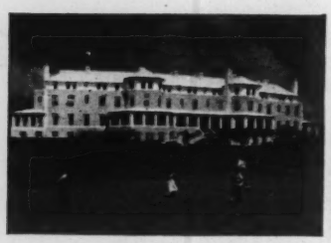

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Lighter Side

Little Stories For Big Folks

ONCE THERE WAS once a budgie who put on a great many airs because she could talk, and whenever the cat or the dog were around, was forever making snide references to the lower, inarticulate species. Finally the cat was moved to remark, "Oh, don't be so conceited! I catch mice, and the dog guards the house. You are nothing but a parasite."

This speech had a startling effect on the budgie, for when her owners sat down to dinner that evening she announced self-importantly, "You will be interested to hear that I am a parasite, which, as you no doubt know, means a native of Paris. Ah, how I yearn to see again the sidewalk cafés, the cobbles of Montmartre, the Arc de Triomphe! *La vie, c'est triste, n'est-ce pas?"* Saying which, she fluttered her eyelashes and tried to do a can-can, but succeeded only in tripping over her own feet and falling on her face on the floor of her cage.

After that, whenever the budgie's owners coaxed her to say something for visitors, she would merely open a languid eye, yawn, and mutter, *"Zut, alors!"* They got pretty sick of this, and finally gave the budgie to the garbage man, and he hung the cage beside his seat so the budgie would be company for him on his rounds. Which so mortified her that she never uttered another word, in either French or English, to the end of her days.

MORAL: Parasite or no parasite, don't be a *cou de cheval*—which, as you no doubt know, means a horse's neck.

The Literate Duck

ONCE THERE WAS once a duck who lived in a box in a tree in far-away Lapland. Being an ambitious duck, he learned to read and write; and one day he was leafing through an encyclopedia when he came across an article headed, "Golden-Eye, Whistle-Wing or Rattlewing." Reading on, he found that the creature with these three names was a duck, that it lived in Lapland in boxes placed in trees, and that its Latin name was *clangula clangula.*

The duck realized he was reading about himself, and he was greatly impressed. That same day, he took down the weather-beaten sign from his front door, which read simply, "John Q. Duck," and substituted a fancy sign with gold lettering which read, "John Q. Duck, Esq.," and underneath, one below the other, "Golden-Eye", "Whistle-Wing" and "Rattlewing". And at the bottom, in brackets, *"Clangula clangula."*

When the other ducks saw this, there was a great hubbub, and they told one another, "Look, old John Q. has set himself up in business, in partnership with three guys called Golden-Eye and Whistle-Wing and Rattlewing. Things are really going to hum around here!" Somebody said, "What's the *clangula clangula* for?", and somebody else answered, "That's to remind the postman to ring. The postman always rings twice."

Just then John Q. Duck appeared, and everyone shouted, "Hey, John Q., introduce us to your new business partners, Golden-Eye, Whistle-Wing and Rattlewing!" To which John Q. replied in surprise, "Why *I* am Golden-Eye, Whistle-Wing and Rattlewing." There was a significant silence, until a voice in the crowd piped up, "And what about *clangula clangula?"* And John Q. said, "Why, *I* am *clangula clangula* too. You are all *clangula clangula."*

Then the ducks looked at one another and shook their heads sadly, and grabbed John Q. Duck before he became dangerous. They put a straitjacket on him, and put him in a special wooden box with barred windows, and set a guard outside. And at last report he was still there.

MORAL: If you are a duck, don't learn to read.

The Progressive Ostrich

ONCE THERE WAS once a young ostrich who prided himself on his progressive ideas, and was wont to regard the others of the herd with lofty condescension. One day, while the herd was crossing the desert, there appeared a hunter with a gun. Promptly all the ostriches stuck their heads into the sand—all except the progressive young ostrich, who viewed this performance with contempt. Being enlightened, he headed for a nearby tree to seek concealment among the foliage. Nobody had told him that ostriches can't climb trees, so he was still making futile runs at the trunk and falling back every time when the hunter came up and threw a net over him. Then the progressive young ostrich cried out in bitterness, and said, "Truly the workings of fate are ironic. Why should I, the only ostrich with any sense, be the one to be captured? Why do you not take one of these other stupid creatures with their heads buried in the sand?" Then the hunter looked around in bewilderment and replied, "What other ostriches?"

MORAL: Maybe you're not as progressive as you think.

HARRY G. BOWLEY

•

Let us toast young mothers of young children, in the sticky season.—*Toronto Globe and Mail.*

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The Backward Glance

45 Years Ago This Week in Saturday Night

THE FIRST PAGE of SATURDAY NIGHT for Sept. 5, 1908 showed reproductions of six paintings then being shown at the Canadian National Exhibition. They were *The Equestrienne*, by John Lavery, *The Life Boat*, by C. Napier Hemy, *My Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman*, by C. R. Leslie, *Daniel*, by Briton Riviere, *The Jameson Raid*, by R. Caton Woodville, and *Portrait of W. Graham Robertson Esq*, by John S. Sargent.

A traveller returning from Great Britain, Dr. Bruce Smith of Toronto, said, "It's appalling to see the way in which steamship companies are rushing the immigrants to Canada, regardless of health or circumstances, and with no proper medical examination." To which SATURDAY NIGHT added, "It is also appalling to observe their arrival at this end of the journey, too many of them without health, means or a ghost of a chance of making good in a country like this."

And farther down in the same item the editor of The Front Page took exception to a speech made by Keir Hardie, British MP, while visiting Toronto. The Front Page said: "His speeches in this city are meant to incite our workers to do less work per diem than they have been doing in order that the same amount of work may yield wages to a greater number of persons. That view may do in Europe . . . but here there is nothing to say for it."

If the same Front Page editor were writing today, the *Canadian Tribune*, organ of the frantic Canadian Communist Party, would no doubt label him "a reactionary tool and lackey of the plutocratic Wall Street reactionary imperialists." Here is what he had to say about the Canadian workingman: "It may be said that too many men who work with their hands are seen clustered in the streets, reading racing-form charts during one-half the year, after having gathered in crowds hungrily reading the Help Wanted columns of the newspapers during the previous half."

Under the heading "The Investor" several well-known names are mentioned as members of a committee formed to investigate farm problems in the United States. This committee, called together by Theodore Roosevelt, consisted of Prof. L. H. Bailey of the New York College of Agriculture, Henry Wallace (then editor of *Wallace's Farmer*), Kenyon L. Butterfield, President of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, Gifford Pinchot of the United States Forest Service (later to become Governor of Pennsylvania), and Walter H. Page, editor of *World's Work*.

Although Orville Wright made his first aeroplane flight in the year 1908, SATURDAY NIGHT had its eye on his brother Wilbur, who had gone to France to carry on his experiments. It said of him: "Mr. Wilbur Wright, whose aeroplane experiments in France are now being followed with universal interest, is one of two brothers hailing from the United States, where for years they have been studying the problem of flight. Originally bicycle-makers, the two young mechanics . . . were first attracted to the subject by newspaper accounts of what was being done to conquer the air. They made paper gliders and watched them float around in their Ohio machine-shop until they were satisfied that a man-lifting machine, on the same principle, could be constructed. Since then, so closely have the two brothers kept their secret, that while it is certain that they have made long flights in the air, very little is known about their machine itself."

"A Canadian In New York" gave the news that in 60 days 27 Negroes were lynched. (In those days the word "negroes" was not capitalized, and is not yet capitalized by many British and foreign writers; however, in the United States today the Negro has insisted on the capital N, and its use is pretty well countrywide. The reason escapes us, as "white man" does not need a capital.) In 1908 there were more than 8,000 murders in the republic to the south of us, and more people were lynched than were put to death legally. The city of New York had ten times as many murders as London, which was one-third larger, and, on a population basis, the United States had 25 per cent more killings than Canada. And yet some of us long for the good old days.

Sporting Comment told about Bobby Kerr losing the 100-yard dash in the CAAU fall meet, but took issue with the sports editor of the London *Advertiser*, who had remarked that Kerr was not a 100-yard runner. Bobby Kerr, one of the greatest runners Canada ever produced, still lives in Hamilton, and still takes a great interest in track and field sports.

Miss May Humphrey was the feature attraction at the Don Rowing Club's regatta, where she rowed a single shell over the course to win a medal. Another lady, who was to have raced against her, got cold feet at the last minute and did not show up.

Tom Longboat, the great Canadian Indian distance runner, had suffered defeat in England, and had also been beaten by Percy Sellen at the Toronto police games. SATURDAY NIGHT said, "The Indian at last gets it into his noodle that a runner must stay in form. Longboat's five miles in Halifax last Saturday, although far from a world record, was even better than Galbraith's Olympic trial time, and the Indian is supposed to be only a long distance man."

Another sporting item read: "Dan McGann was in town the other day, and one gathers from the remarks of the slang artists who do the sporting pages of the daily papers, that he played ball at the Island and wasn't recognized by anybody. They didn't know Dan! He used to be the people's darling at Toronto eleven years ago. Surely it can't be more than two or three years since Artie Irwin's heroes played winning ball on the old diamond on the Island! In those days we had a great team with little Casey behind the bat and Buck Freeman hitting the ball out into the bay for a homer whenever the manager signalled him to do so. But, just as the middle-aged rooter now talks of the ball team of ten or twelve years ago, so at that time men talked of the great team that used to play on Smith's field across the Don."

The thermos bottle was looked upon as one of the world's great inventions, in 1908, but they cost from $3.50 up. The man who hankered for a life on the farm in those days could take up a homestead in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta for free. The Minister of the Interior advertised, "Any even numbered section of Dominion lands, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less."

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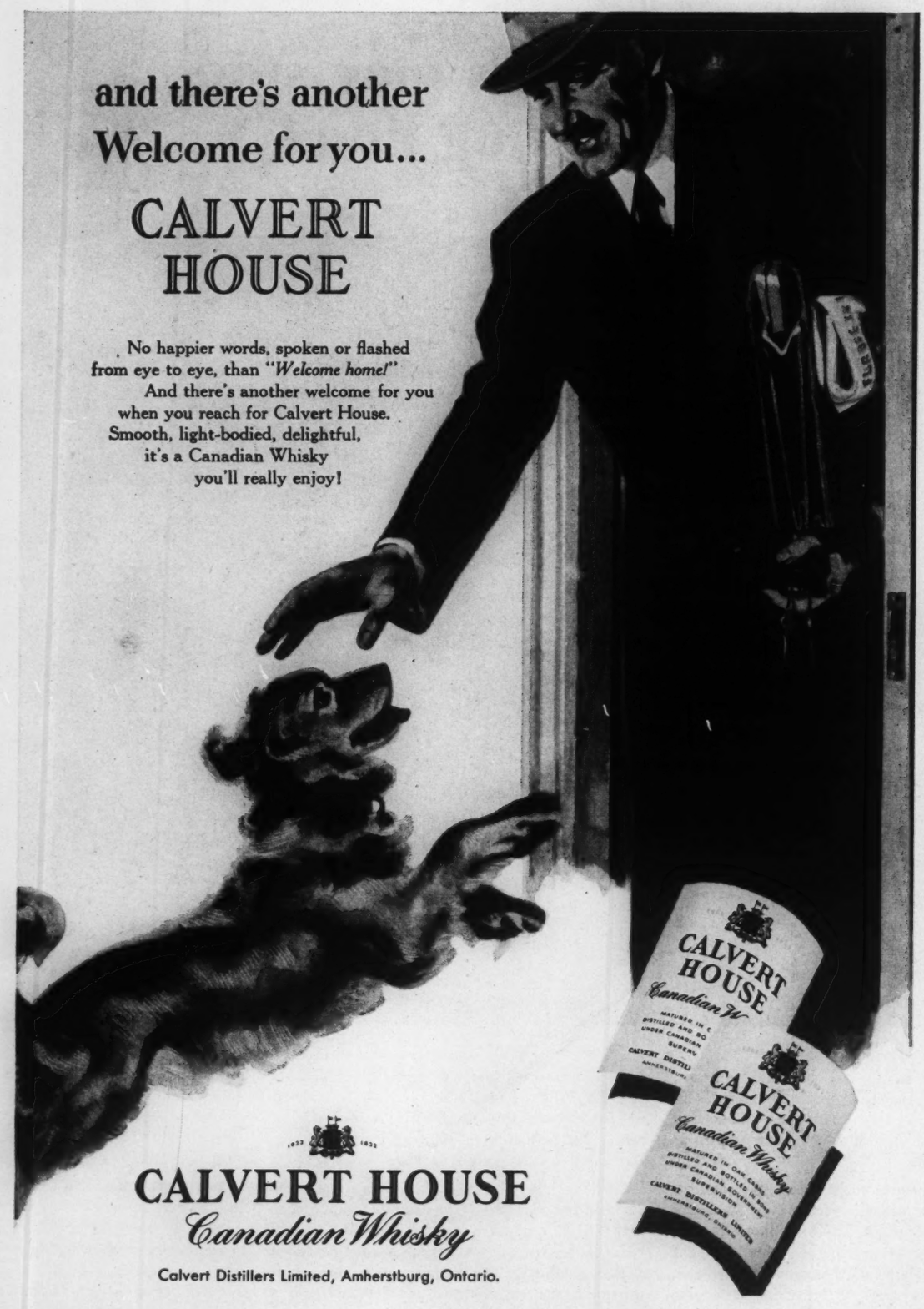
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